



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

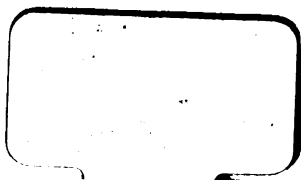
### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600055201J





















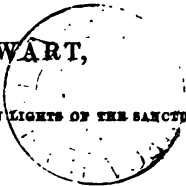
*Nach Overbeck*

## Himmelfahrt Christi.

Eigenthum u. Verlag von G. J. Manz in Regensburg.

THE  
**Church Festivals;**  
OR,  
SCENES IN MANY LANDS.

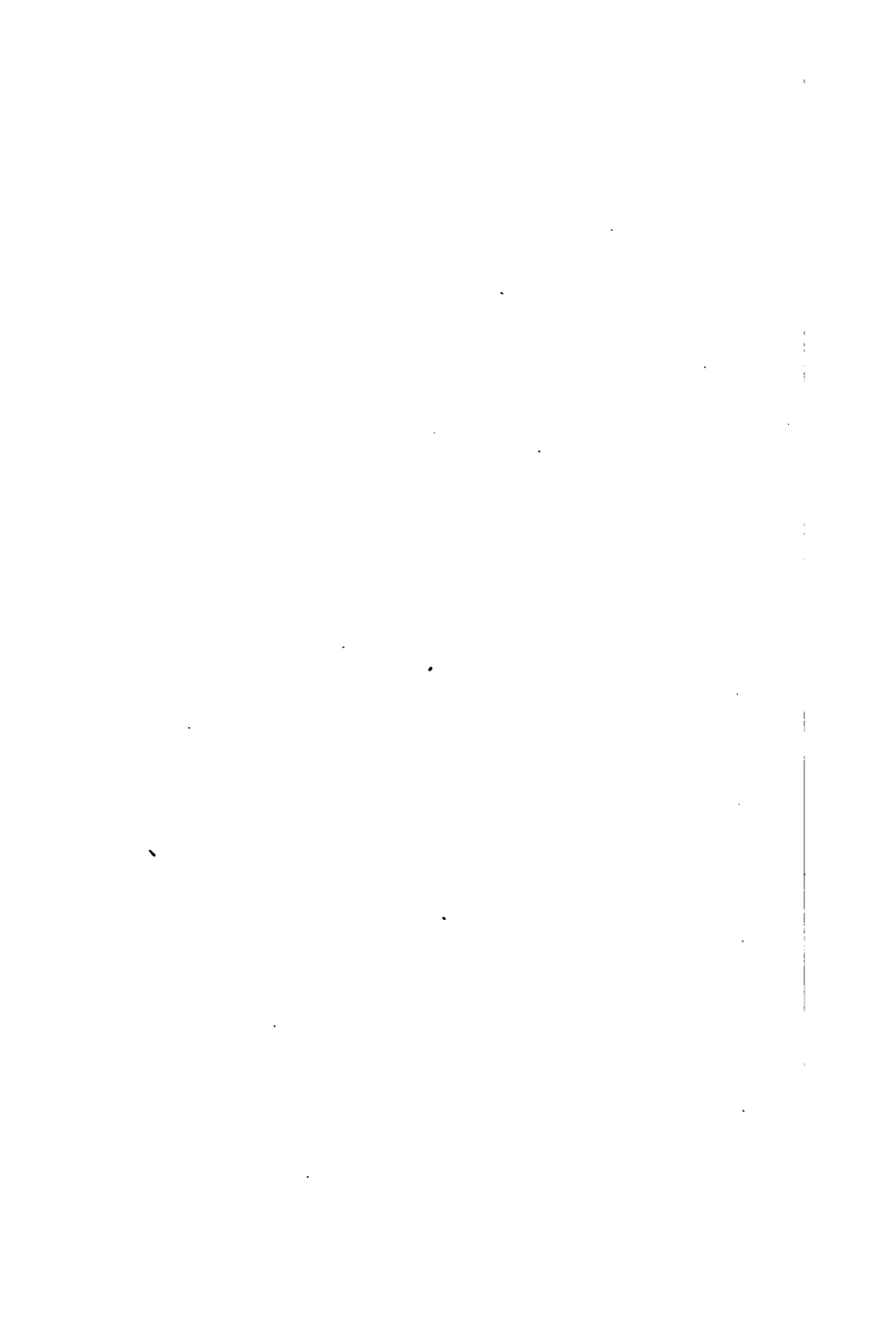
BY  
AGNES M. STEWART,  
AUTHRESS OF  
"THE WORLD AND THE CLOISTER," "THE SEVEN LIGHTS OF THE SANCTUARY,"  
ETC. ETC.



SECOND SERIES.

LONDON:  
THOMAS JONES, 21, PATERNOSTER ROW.  
1855.

*249. L. 632.*



# LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

	COPIES.		COPIES.
His Grace the Archbishop of Armagh .....	2	S. Byron, Esq. ....	1
Rev. J. Baron .....	1	Right Hon. Lady Camoys ..	1
Very Rev. E. Cox, D.D. ..	2	Hon. Lady Clifford Constable	2
Rev. J. Cotter .....	2	Miss Constable .....	1
Very Rev. Provost Doyle ..	6	R. S. Cox, Esq. ....	5
Rev. James Danell .....	2	Fred. Chambers, Esq., M.D.	1
Very Rev. Mon. English ..	2	Miss Challoner .....	2
Rev. T. Green .....	1	Mrs. Cholmeley .....	1
Rev. W. Keen .....	1	Mrs. C. Connor .....	1
Rev. E. O'Leary .....	1	Mrs. A. Cross .....	4
Rev. J. Moore .....	1	The Rt. Hon. Earl Dunraven	1
Rev. J. McNamara .....	1	Matthew Dunne, Esq. ....	1
Very Rev. J. Molyneux, D.D.	2	Mrs. Dashwood .....	2
Rev. J. Murphy .....	1	Mrs. Dand .....	1
Very Rev. J. Newman, D.D.	6	Kenelm Digby, Esq. ....	2
Rev. E. Power .....	2	Miss Isabel Dickinson ....	1
Rev. James Rowe .....	3	Mrs. Dobson .....	6
Very Rev. Canon Rolfe ....	5	M. Doyle, Esq., M.D. ....	1
Very Rev. J. Rolfe, D.D. ....	1	Richard Eastwood, Esq. ....	1
Very Rev. H. Weedall, D.D.	1	Mrs. Ellison .....	1
Rev. W. Waterworth .....	2	Mrs. Elgar .....	1
The Countess of Arundel ..	6	Rt. Hon. Lady G. Fullerton	6
Mrs. Amherst .....	3	Rt. Hon. Countess Fingall ..	1
Miss Andrade .....	1	Mrs. Feeny .....	1
Miss Arrowsmith .....	1	Mrs. Fisher .....	1
Mrs. Aikenhead (Sisters of Charity, Dublin) .....	3	Mrs. Finn, Navan .....	2
Hon. Lady P. Bedingfeld ..	4	M. Forristall, Esq. ....	2
Hon. Lady Blount .....	1	Miss Fox .....	1
R. B. De Barry, Esq. ....	1	Mrs. Galloway .....	1
Mrs. Ball .....	1	Mrs. Gillow .....	1
Robert Berkeley, Esq. ....	1	Mrs. Grimshaw .....	3
Mrs. Bowden .....	1	E. Harkin, Esq. ....	2
Mrs. Borini .....	2	C. Hargitt, Esq. ....	1
Thomas Bowie, Esq. ....	1	Mrs. Hartnet .....	1
C. Blount, Esq. ....	1	P. Houlgrave, Esq. ....	4
Mrs. Browne .....	6	J. Holdforth, Esq. ....	1
		J. Horsford, Esq. ....	2
		Major Huddleston .....	1

COPIES.		COPIES.	
John Kavanagh, Esq.....	1	James Hope Scott, Esq.....	6
John Kelly, Esq.....	1	Miss Salvin .....	1
Mrs. Kelly. (Conv. Wexford)	4	G. A. Shee, Esq.....	2
Miss Kelly .....	1	Mrs. Shuttleworth .....	2
Mrs. Knill .....	3	Mrs. Selby (Bened. Convent)	2
The Misses Lawson.....	2	T. Summerfield, Esq.....	3
Mrs. Lewis .....	1	Miss Stanley .....	1
Mrs. Leigh .....	1	Mrs. Standish .....	3
Mrs. Leahy (Bened. Conv.)	4	Miss Smelter .....	1
W. J. Lescher, Esq.....	1	Mrs. Smith .....	1
F. Leyland, Esq.....	1	Ernest Scott, Esq. ....	1
Miss Lowe .....	1	J. Scott, Esq. ....	1
Mrs. Lonergan .....	1	Mrs. Smith (Killarney Conv.)	4
A. Luck, Esq. ....	3	Mrs. Somers.....	12
J. H. Lynch, Esq. ....	1	J. Sparrow, Esq.....	1
Mrs. H. Maxwell .....	1	— Swarbrick, Esq. ....	1
W. Magee, Esq. ....	1	Mrs. Swarbrick .....	1
D. F. McCarthy, Esq. ....	1	Mrs. Sweetman .....	1
Miss Meade .....	1	M. J. Sidney, Esq.....	1
Captain Meason .....	1	Sheriff Swift .....	1
A. Monteith, Esq. ....	3	Superiress of Clapham Con-	
J. Murphy, Esq.....	1	vent .....	3
Mrs. Morrogh .....	3	Mrs. Walmealey .....	2
Mrs. McDonagh .....	1	W. Wardell, Esq. ....	1
P. O'Connor, Esq. ....	1	R. Walker, Esq.....	1
The Rt. Hon. Lady Petre ..	1	Mrs. Wake .....	1
Mrs. Lisle Philipps .....	4	Mrs. Walsh (Srs. of Charity)	2
Mrs. Philipps .....	1	Mrs. E. Weld .....	1
R. B. Philipps, Esq.....	1	Mrs. Whitty (Sra. of Mercy)	6
G. R. Poole, Esq. ....	1	F. Wright, Esq.....	1
Miss Plowden .....	1	John Yond, Esq.....	1
Miss Riddell.....	2	Miss Taylor .....	1
J. Richardson, Esq. ....	1	E. Tegart, Esq. ....	1
A. Rymer, Esq. ....	2	E. H. Thompson, Esq. ....	1
John Rosson, Esq.....	1	C. Towneley, Esq. ....	1
Thomas Rolph, Esq. ....	1	— Turner, Esq. ....	1
The Right Hon. Dowager		S. Jackson, Esq.....	1
Lady Stafford .....	6	Mrs. Jenkins .....	1
The Rt. Hon. Lady Stafford	2	W. Jones, Esq., Pyle.....	2
The Rt. Hon. Lord Stourton	6	C. Welman, Esq.....	1
The Rt. Hon. Lady Stourton	6	— Green, Esq.....	1
Hon. Miss Southwell.....	3	Miss Knight.....	2

---

## CONTENTS.

---

RETRIBUTION; OR, THE RIVAL ARTISTES .....	<i>Page</i> 1
INEZ ALVAREZ; OR, THE NOVICE OF ST. BERNARD'S ..	30
ROSE FORRESTER; OR, THE FEAST OF THE APOSTLES ..	45
THE VALE OF ST. GERMAINS; OR, THE SLEEP OF MARY	62
THE MAID OF BOHEMIA; OR, THE FEAST OF ALL SAINTS, AND ALL HALLOWS EVE .....	81
THE BARONESS VON ARNHEIM; OR, ALL SOULS' DAY..	103
THE CHILD OF MARY; OR, THE FEAST OF THE IMMA- CULATE CONCEPTION .....	121





Nach Overbeck

## Himmelfahrt Christi.

Eigenthum u. Verlag von G. J. Manz in Regensburg.

THE  
**Church Festivals;**  
OR,  
SCENES IN MANY LANDS.

BY  
AGNES M. STEWART,  
AUTHOR OF  
"THE WORLD AND THE CLOISTER," "THE SEVEN LIGHTS OF THE SANCTUARY,"  
ETC. ETC.

SECOND SERIES.

LONDON:  
THOMAS JONES, 21, PATERNOSTER ROW.  
1855.

249. L. 632.



# LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

	COPIES.		COPIES.
His Grace the Archbishop of		S. Byron, Esq. ....	1
Armagh .....	2	Right Hon. Lady Camoys ..	1
Rev. J. Baron .....	1	Hon. Lady Clifford Constable	2
Very Rev. E. Cox, D.D. ..	2	Miss Constable .....	1
Rev. J. Cotter .....	2	R. S. Cox, Esq. ....	5
Very Rev. Provost Doyle ..	6	Fred. Chambers, Esq., M.D.	1
Rev. James Danell .....	2	Miss Challoner .....	2
Very Rev. Mon. English ..	2	Mrs. Cholmeley .....	1
Rev. T. Green .....	1	Mrs. C. Connor .....	1
Rev. W. Keen .....	1	Mrs. A. Cross .....	4
Rev. E. O'Leary .....	1	The Rt. Hon. Earl Dunraven	1
Rev. J. Moore .....	1	Matthew Dunne, Esq. ....	1
Rev. J. McNamara .....	1	Mrs. Dashwood .....	2
Very Rev. J. Molynaux, D.D.	2	Mrs. Dand .....	1
Rev. J. Murphy .....	1	Kenelm Digby, Esq. ....	2
Very Rev. J. Newman, D.D.	6	Miss Isabel Dickinson ....	1
Rev. E. Power .....	2	Mrs. Dobson .....	6
Rev. James Rowe .....	3	M. Doyle, Esq., M.D. ....	1
Very Rev. Canon Rolfe ....	5	Richard Eastwood, Esq. ....	1
Very Rev. J. Rolfe, D.D. ..	1	Mrs. Ellison .....	1
Very Rev. H. Weedall, D.D.	1	Mrs. Elgar .....	1
Rev. W. Waterworth .....	2	Rt. Hon. Lady G. Fullerton	6
The Countess of Arundel ..	6	Rt. Hon. Countess Fingall..	1
Mrs. Amherst .....	3	Mrs. Feeny .....	1
Miss Andrade .....	1	Mrs. Fisher .....	1
Miss Arrowsmith .....	1	Mrs. Finn, Navan .....	2
Mrs. Aikenhead (Sisters of		M. Forristall, Esq. ....	2
Charity, Dublin) .....	3	Miss Fox .....	1
Hon. Lady P. Bedingfeld ..	4	Mrs. Gallway .....	1
Hon. Lady Blount .....	1	Mrs. Gillow .....	1
R. B. De Barry, Esq. ....	1	Mrs. Grimshaw .....	3
Mrs. Ball .....	1	E. Harkin, Esq. ....	2
Robert Berkeley, Esq. ....	1	C. Hargitt, Esq. ....	1
Mrs. Bowden .....	1	Mrs. Hartnet .....	1
Mrs. Borini .....	2	P. Houlgrave, Esq. ....	4
Thomas Bowie, Esq. ....	1	J. Holdforth, Esq. ....	1
C. Blount, Esq. ....	1	J. Horsford, Esq. ....	2
Mrs. Browne .....	6	Major Huddleston .....	1

and genius may effect. But understand me, father," she added, with all the warmth of her impetuous nature; "I will not abandon this cherished scheme; I *will* strive, I *will* work, I *will* war against my adverse fortune; and mark me well," she continued, "*your* voice has been the one which has chilled my energies until now; your work it has been to present before my eyes melancholy images of the future. And may Heaven grant my prayer, that your days be prolonged until perseverance shall crown with success the efforts of your only child."

The short night of the Italian summer sped quickly away—Maddelena sought not her couch; the bright rays of the sun streamed through her windows, and there, motionless as a statue, sat Maddelena, still revolving in her mind thoughts and plans which she dismissed as soon as they had suggested themselves to her as wild and impracticable.

At length she arose from her seat, and sinking on her knees before a small crucifix, Maddelena sent up to heaven a fervent prayer. With that pious aspiration she began her work, and to that work the blessing which she now humbly craved was granted in due time;—that work was blessed with success.

It is again evening, but the shades of autumn are falling, and Signor Altieri, seated in his favourite spot, still appears to watch the ever varying scene, spread like a beautiful panorama before him; but his mind is busily engaged. Maddelena has ceased to crave after that which her poverty denies, the cultivation of the fine talent for painting, which none can deny she

possesses; envy and anger seem quite to have vacated the seat in her heart, of which they had taken possession, a quiet placid resignation remains, and an occasional tear or a deep-drawn sigh alone tell that she is not happy. Maddelena can now meet the companion of her early childhood, Beatrice Vitelli, with a frankness of manner to which she has long been a stranger; without envying her superior good fortune, she can hear the latter descant upon the large sums her father pays for her instruction under one of the first Neapolitan artists, and greater marvel than all, meditates the Signor Altieri, "with a countenance unmoved by anger, my excitable Maddelena can listen with patience and silence to the remarks of Beatrice, which jealousy and malignity at the superior talents of my child alone teach her to utter."

On the night to which we allude, Maddelena had not as usual attended her father in his evening ramble, but was quietly pursuing her avocations at home, until the closing in of evening should summon her to lend her assistance to him on his return homewards.

The last rays of the sun then were fading away, and yet Maddelena was so engrossed as to forget all save the canvass before her.

Almost untaught—for save in the convent school in which she had been educated, this gifted child of adversity had received no tuition,—there lay before her an oil-painting of the "Descent of the Holy Ghost;" it is true there wanted a guiding hand to impart here some little addition, or to suggest some trifling alteration there; but viewed as a whole, the painting was one of much beauty, and the first Italian masters of the day would not

have hesitated to pronounce it as a work of great talent.

Little indeed was wanting. What could surpass the beauty of expression in those upturned faces of the Apostles ; or the chastened grace of the Madonna, whose kneeling form was portrayed in the background ; or the glory of the tongues of fire which seemed about to descend on the head of each. No ! diffident, unassuming as she was, the Italian maiden felt that she looked upon no ordinary work ; her just conception of all that was beautiful had made her, untutored as she was, produce a painting such as in after days of celebrity and renown she never was able to surpass.

The heart of Maddelena beat high with exultation as she gazed again and again on the work before her. The veil which screens the future from the eyes seemed raised, and riches and prosperity, and a far-spread fame, were already within her grasp : her father was forgotten ; the few last touches only had to be given, but these would form more than ample work for the next few days ; then, she whispered to herself, I will to Rome, and laying my work at the feet of the sainted Gregory, crave his blessing and a mite to aid me to cultivate this talent.

So engrossed was Maddelena that she heeded not the approaching darkness ;—for the vineyards, lake, and mountains in the distance were now veiled in the obscurity of the autumnal evening. Suddenly, however, she was roused from her abstraction by a light footstep beside her. A hand was placed upon her shoulder, and the voice of Beatrice Vitelli rang in her ear as she exclaimed :—

"*Cara mia*, Maddelena! what do I see? Is that splendid painting the work of Signor Francesco Rosani, the rival of my master? Why this is indeed beautiful!"

"It is my own work, Beatrice," responded Maddelena; "but hark! I hear my father's voice. How neglectful must he think me," she added, as she hastened to the only parlour their humble villa boasted, mentally regretting that her own thoughtlessness and forgetfulness of the flight of time had led to the visit of Beatrice at so inopportune a moment; for Maddelena had reasons of her own for wishing that no one should at present have known of the existence of the painting which had called her from her rest during many months as soon as the daylight broke.

Beatrice had in fact accompanied Signor Altieri to his home, and had offered the support of her arm in lieu of that of his forgetful daughter. Thus it was that Maddelena found him in no very enviable frame of mind. Her father was not blessed with a good temper; and on this occasion he bitterly inveighed against Maddelena for having left him to encounter the night-dews by being abroad so much later than usual.

Signor Altieri again arose, and, following his daughter from his room, was about to retire to his sleeping apartment, when the form of Beatrice, who still stood in wondering amazement with the painting before her, attracted his attention.

The face of the really beautiful Beatrice was a shade paler than usual. A strange feeling had taken possession of her during the last five



minutes : envy reigned within her heart. She had the face of an angel ; but the Evil One had her soul in his keeping. It was entirely at that moment the property of the Prince of Darkness ; and an almost imperceptible smile played around her small mouth as she exclaimed :—

“Signor Altieri, I cry you mercy for poor Maddelena. Of a truth I thought this painting was the production of one of our masters ; she says it is her own ; surely, then, you cannot in reason blame her that she has so profitably employed her time. But own the truth, Maddelena,” she continued ; “Father Paolo is mightily interested in your welfare ; it is he then who has, out of his small income, given you the means you have so long desired of learning this beautiful art ?”

Signor Altieri had not interrupted the speech of Beatrice because she was clothing his own ideas into words ; and, when she ceased to speak, he exclaimed :—

“Signora Beatrice speaks rightly, does she not, Maddelena ? But why have kept your employment such a secret ? How delighted should I have been day by day to have noted the progress you were making.”

“No ; I have had no instruction save the few fitful lessons which you are aware I at times received in the Convent of the Annunziata,” replied Maddelena. “It pains me to revert to the past, my father, but you know you were incredulous as to my possessing any talent above that which was absolutely mediocre ; but dear Father Paolo *was*, in very truth, to have been the first to have seen this my first attempt.”

"Well," resumed Beatrice, who had vainly striven to recover herself, but whose yet quivering lips showed the emotion which still reigned within her breast; "it certainly does you great credit, Maddelena; still, as one looks closer into the painting, one can immediately detect the fact that it comes not from a practised hand. The expression in that upturned countenance," she added, "is somewhat harsh; and methinks the face of the Madonna lacks that softness of expression which one loves to see. Still, as a whole, it is really a very praiseworthy performance; and, doubtless, Maddelena will ere long be able to teach some of the daughters of our Italian gentry, should no better field open itself for the exercise of her talents."

The veil, while Beatrice thus spoke, which had hitherto been before the eyes of Signor Altieri, suddenly was drawn aside; in all its native hideousness he beheld the envy of Beatrice. He would have spoken angrily, but at that moment the reflection pressed upon his mind that he owed everything at present to the wealthy vintner Vitelli. He smothered, then, his angry feeling, made no comment, save to bid Maddelina persevere, and then withdrew to his chamber.

Maddelena must have been something less than woman not to have felt a momentary triumph as she observed the emotion which Beatrice vainly endeavoured to conceal at sight of the painting—or, perhaps, of indignation at the insolence which was couched under the speech of the latter; and the impetuous girl bit her lip to restrain the temper which would fain have urged her to reply in no very gentle terms.

Follow we Beatrice Vitelli to her father's splendid mansion in one of the finest parts of Naples. She would not meet her family on this night ; but proceeded straight to her chamber, drew forth the creations of her own talent, surveyed them attentively, piece by piece, by the clear light of the wax tapers which burned around, and finally, throwing them aside in disgust, exclaimed :—

“ Why have I been denied the talent which has been given to the poverty-stricken Maddelena with so lavish a hand ? ”

She threw herself on the couch, placed her aching head on its downy luxurious pillows—but not to sleep ;—Envy, that baleful passion which brings with it in a supereminent degree a punishment far above that which any other vice causes to the soul of its victim—for the envious *never* know a moment's rest,—now held her in its thralldom, and the night was spent in tears, or plots and plans which the dark soul of the imperious Italian maiden already meditated.

“ But what can this visit mean ? ” thought Maddelena, as from the window of her chamber she, a few mornings later, beheld the vintner's daughter approach the house, her countenance clothed in smiles, and who, with a frankness she could well assume, held out her hand and pressed her lips on the cheek of Maddelena, who, simplicity itself, recked not that anything save truthfulness and candour burned in the breast of others. Poor girl ! she had yet to learn that hard, sad lesson—the knowledge of the human heart. She had yet to discover that the warm hand that presses that of another in seeming friendship is sometimes that which will inflict the deepest wound ; that

the warm lip which will kiss the cheek so affectionately, in yet a little while will utter the deadliest slander; that the cold, wicked heart is meditating deeds of perfidy and malice whilst the face is dressed in smiles. Poor Maddelena! she and her simple-hearted father too, knew not all this; but in their own minds gave Beatrice credit for conquering the base passion to which she had yielded a few evenings before.

Very adroitly, and cleverly too, did the artful Beatrice introduce the real subject of her visit. She was about to withdraw, when, suddenly turning, she exclaimed:—

“Dearest Maddelena, after I left you it occurred to me that the beautiful painting on which you had been so slyly occupied these last few months might really be made the means of bringing your talent forward. I have spoken to my father, and he allows me to say that you shall profit as well as myself of the instructions of my master, whom you are aware is one of the first artists of the day.”

“You are very kind, dear Beatrice,” replied Maddelena, “and I beg to thank your father, as well as yourself, for the interest you take in me; but I have formed a resolution which prevents my profiting by your offer; nor would I think of doing so when I remember how deeply we are already indebted to Signor Vitelli.”

“Dear Maddelena,” rejoined her friend, “this is a mistaken pride; profit by my father’s offer, and let us study together,” rejoined Beatrice. “Now,” she added, as Maddelena playfully shook her head, “what strange idea can have entered your head?—for certain am I that you have not occupied

yourself over that beautiful painting for nothing ; so I pray you admit me into your confidence."

"You speak well, Beatrice ; it has not been the work of many a weary hour for nothing. I intend to sue for high patronage ; but I may not mention names ; should I succeed I will persevere, otherwise I shall for ever abandon all hopes of standing forth as an artist. I would excel in the art, or I would not care to study it at all."

A shade of dissatisfaction passed over the fine features of Beatrice Vitelli as Maddelena spoke ; she answered not, however, save in terms of regret that her father's overture of assistance had been so coldly received, and bidding the father and daughter adieu, departed.

Several days then wore away ; the painting was finished, as far as the almost self-taught Maddelena could finish it : it was the work of rare genius if beheld as the offspring of native, uncultivated talent, and the good priest Father Paolo, whose voice had been the only one to cheer the young artiste in her onward path, and encourage her to perseverance, gazed with no small delight at the painting displayed before him. The festival of All Saints drew nigh, and it was the intention of Maddelena then to proceed to Rome, and endeavour, either through an introduction or otherwise, to place a petition in the hands of the Holy Father, having first drawn his attention to the painting in question. Nor was Maddelena for a moment awed from her purpose by the remembrance of the difficulties which lay in her path ; perseverance is always the attendant of genius—the really talented do not shrink at the obstacles which alarm and turn from their purpose persons

of ordinary genius; and one of the marks by which superior talent may be known is this battling against difficulties to gain the point in view which characterized our heroine; and we almost doubt whether our own and other countries would have been graced with so many who have been an ornament to the various nations to which they belonged in any of the fine arts, had they been cradled in affluence, instead of the stern adversity under which the greater part by far of the sons and daughters of genius appear to labour.

October was waning to a close; all things were in preparation for the journey of Maddelena. The good Father Paolo had himself procured her an introduction to one of the cardinals, and furnished her, out of his own scanty purse, with the means requisite for defraying the expenses of her journey; and bright hopes by day, and pleasant dreams by night, awaited the now happy Maddelena, who with the glorious buoyancy and fresh hopefulness of lighthearted, joyous youth, thought not of disappointment, dreamed not of treachery or deceit.

It wanted still five days of the time fixed on for her departure; the finishing touch had on this day been put to her painting, and it had been fetched from its usual place of concealment to be placed before the admiring gaze of Father Paolo. As the worthy ecclesiastic withdrew, another person entered through a side-door, and in the obscurity of the twilight hour she was not discernible.

As Father Paolo left, he uttered the words, "God bless thee, my child! in five days, then, your painting shall meet the eyes of his Holiness."

These words fell upon the ear of Beatrice Vitelli. The dark eyes of the maiden glistened with

anger, and with a stealthy step she withdrew, and after pausing for a moment in the grove of orange and lemon adjoining the house, she entered by the same door which the priest had but just quitted.

"Good even to you, signor," said Beatrice, with a sweet voice, and with that fascinating smile which her really handsome face could so well assume when her soul was plotting some dark deed; "good even to you, dear Maddelena; I have come to see if I can while away a little time with you. My father is from home, and time hangs heavy in his absence," she added, as, passing one arm around the waist of Maddelena, and throwing the other affectionately around her neck, she drew towards the chamber of the latter.

On a large table, at one side of the room, lay the painting on which Father Paolo had just bestowed such high encomiums.

In trifling conversation Beatrice now passed away the time; more than once Maddelena proposed to fetch a light, but Beatrice checked her, exclaiming,—

"No, no, Maddelena, I do enjoy this pleasant moonlight hour; let us sit and converse by its soft light,—it is much better than the artificial one which you would give me."

Thus restrained, the deluded girl yielded; and her point gained, the treacherous Beatrice was happy as the gratification of her base designs could make her.

Darker grew the night, and now Beatrice arose to bid her unsuspecting victim farewell. Judas-like she had pressed her lips to those of Maddelena, who in the guilelessness of her own heart almost

accused herself of rash judgment in the ideas she had formed respecting Beatrice.

Early the following morning the now happy Maddelena arose. She had much to do with regard to the necessary preparations for her journey, and having heard mass, devoted the remainder of the day to this, and also to the household duties which devolved on herself.

Two days thus passed, and on the morning of the third our heroine received the case which she had ordered to be made to contain the painting. Little recking the calamity which had befallen her, she opened the closet in which she had carefully replaced it on the evening of Father Paolo's visit. Signor Altieri stood at the corner of the apartment, ready to help his daughter pack up the painting, when his attention was directed towards her by hearing her utter a piercing shriek, and the next moment fell senseless on the ground. One glance at the painting, which now fell from her nerveless grasp, was sufficient to tell the tale; it was destroyed—wholly, irrecoverably destroyed; the colours were effaced, even of that portion where the work of destruction had been less violent: the work was in fact ruined!

In mingled grief and astonishment Signor Altieri gazed on the scene before him, surveying alternately the prostrate form of the unhappy girl and then the destroyed painting, and then endeavoured by the aid of a few simple restoratives to restore Maddelena to consciousness.

At length she slowly recovered, and with the manner of a person almost bewildered by some new and pressing misfortune, she placed her hand to her burning temples as though she were en-



deavouring to collect her scattered thoughts. Then she gazed on the painting beside her, and clasping her hands together her grief found vent in a violent burst of tears. Signor Altieri was rejoiced to see this outbreak of feeling, for he rightly conjectured that it would prove a relief to her overcharged heart. At this moment a light footstep was heard in the adjoining room, and with a countenance beaming with smiles and benevolence, the good Father Paolo advanced to meet Signor Altieri. In grief too deep for utterance the priest gazed on the scene before him. Maddelena was pious ; she loved the duties of religion ; they were dear to her as a young girl ; and if they were so then, ah ! then how doubly sweet did they seem when, girlhood passing away and carrying with it the pleasant delusions of youth, had now given place to womanhood, and life's stern realities were spread before her eyes ! Affectionate, too, was Maddelena ; her warm heart easily learned to love ; and when she *did* love, it was with all the earnestness and warmth of her own ardent nature. She was grateful, too ; and ah ! can there be a sweeter grace thrown around the character of woman than that which gratitude can give ! Thus it was that Father Paolo esteemed and admired Maddelena ; and a tear moistened the clear dark eye of the good priest as he gazed first on the weeping girl, and then on the destroyed painting.

"Ah, father !" she at length exclaimed, in a voice broken by her sobs ; "this is surely the work of the wicked Beatrice ; it was for this then that on the night of our last meeting she urged me not to bring a light into the room."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the priest. "My child," he added, "this is a serious charge; you cannot substantiate it; do not, then, make so rash an assertion. Why should you think Signora Vitelli guilty of so vile an act?—is there anything in the closet in which you placed the painting, which, falling over it, would so utterly destroy it?"

"Nothing, father," replied Maddelena, throwing open the door as she spoke, showing that the closet was entirely empty.

Pause we not to dwell on the long-continued grief of the now unhappy girl—of Father Paolo's determination not to believe in the guilt of Beatrice till clear proof was brought before him—of the determination to believe in her perfidy, which both father and daughter entertained—of the wretched nights and tearful days of the anxious Maddelena—of her heavy heart and aching throbbing head—of resolutions now formed and then again broken, to recommence her work.

It was nearly a week after the morning to which we have alluded, when, to the utter surprise of Maddelena, she beheld the form of Beatrice advancing towards the house. Convinced of her guilt, though she had no proof to offer, Maddelena could not play the hypocrite; her pale countenance told what she had suffered, it showed that the harassed anxious mind had made the poor body suffer, and she hastened to meet her with a tremulous step and a beating heart.

"You are ill, Maddelena! bless me, what is the matter?" exclaimed Beatrice, extending her hand to the poor girl before her.

"We cannot bid you welcome, Signora Beatrice," exclaimed the fiery Italian, placing his arm

around the waist of his trembling daughter. "Surely, Signora, you might have found better employment than so cruelly to have destroyed my daughter's painting, because it displayed superior talent to your own."

"I understand you not, Signor Altieri," replied Beatrice, scornfully tossing her head as she spoke.

"I pray you speak plainly, and not in enigmas, and then I may perchance know how to reply."

"Hush, hush! my father," whispered Maddelena, for she knew her father was in the power of the vintner. "Say no more about it; it only increases my pain to see you thus excited about that which is beyond a remedy."

"Be silent, girl; for once I will speak out. I mean," he added, fixing his dark eyes angrily on Beatrice as he spoke; "I mean, Signora, that on the night of your last visit, you, with some liquid of the baneful effects of which you were aware, destroyed the painting over which my daughter has passed so many anxious hours."

"You make this assertion coolly and deliberately, Signor Altieri?" inquired Beatrice, with perfect calmness of tone and manner, at the same time fixing her full black eyes on the countenance of the latter.

"I do, Signora," replied Altieri; "nor have I made it without just reasons for believing you guilty of so perfidious an act."

"Vain and foolish man," replied Beatrice, with a bitter laugh; "who, think you, will believe so wild and improbable a tale? my very presence here this morning will disprove your assertion. My father's kind offer of providing an instructor for your daughter, in answer to mine own petition,

and which kind offer you both so proudly refused, will be the best refutation to so infamous a charge; and, should more be needed, whom, think you, the world will believe, the wealthy vintner's daughter or yourselves, the creatures of his bounty? but farewell, Signor," she added; "Beatrice Vitelli forgives not so base a calumny; ere to-morrow's sun shall set, you will hear more of this."

As Beatrice thus spoke she hastened away, and Maddelena, now weighed down with fear, exclaimed:—

"Ah, my father, what have you done? Did you not remember that we are poor and helpless in the hands of those who are now our direst foes? Ah! this talent! has it then been given only for our ruin?"

"Speak not thus rashly, Maddelena," interrupted her father; "sure as the sun rises beyond yonder mountains, so sure it is that the hand of Beatrice has wrought this dark deed. You must collect your scattered energies, my child; mine was once the voice to dissuade, it shall now encourage you still to persevere. Whatever harm should befall us, I could not again greet with friendly word one who is a very fiend beneath the form of woman. And mark me, Maddelena," he continued, with increased warmth of manner, "the day shall yet come when this mystery shall be unravelled."

Not so quietly, however, could Maddelena contemplate the change in her prospects, either with regard to the destruction of the painting, or her fears as to the revenge which Vitelli would, in all probability, now wreak upon her father and her-

self. Nor were her suspicions unfounded: the next morning, weary and unrefreshed from the effects of a restless night, Maddelena again set to work, lacking, however, in her present low spirits, the energy with which she had accomplished the first attempt; and the day had not yet drawn to a close when her father received an insolent note from the vintner, demanding the immediate payment of the various sums which from time to time he had advanced for the use of Signor Altieri.

Vain were the task to recapitulate all the annoyances which now fell upon the heads of the helpless father and daughter. Suffice it to say, that scarce two months had elapsed from the day which, for the present, had blighted the hopes of Maddelena, ere they were thrust out of their humble yet pleasant home by the malignity of Vitelli, whose at no time very soft nature had been worked upon by the rage and spite of the envious Beatrice.

Located in a mean house in one of the poorest streets of Naples, they engaged one apartment, out of which a closet opened—for it deserved not the name of a chamber—which was devoted to the use of Maddelena. Here the gentle girl passed many a weary hour, dividing her time between the duties of religion, the care of her father, and an attempt to produce another painting equal to that which had been so wickedly destroyed.

Anxious did Maddelena feel, as each day the slender pittance they had managed to save from the sale of a few valuables grew less and less; yet she bore up manfully, till almost starva-

tion stared them in the face. She feared that, ere long, they must sink beneath their trials, and scalding tears would sometimes fall from Maddelena's eyes as she bent over her work and thought of the perfidy of Beatrice—of the wretchedness which was her portion, whilst her rival revelled in luxury. *But not always shall the wicked triumph; for thou, O God, art mighty to save!* was then the consoling thought of Maddelena; and, drying away her tears, she again applied herself with fresh diligence to her work—a work indeed which, on the day to which we allude, had deprived them of the means of purchasing the commonest necessities, in order to lay aside a small sum for articles which she required for the painting in question. Thus it was then that, ever and anon, despite her confiding, hopeful spirit, Maddelena felt anxious and uneasy; when a low tap was heard at the chamber door, and, on opening it, she gave admittance to an aged ecclesiastic, who, introducing himself as the friend of Father Paolo, intimated that he had come on behalf of the Congregation of Nobles for the relief of their necessities. For a moment pride caused the hot blood to rush to the cheek of Signor Altieri. It was but for a moment, however; the next, he thankfully accepted the generous relief so freely and nobly extended, and which came, too, at the moment of their direst need.

There are few persons, even residing in other countries, who know not of the existence of this truly noble charity, instituted for the sole relief of those who come of gentle blood, and who, not able to brook openly asking for assistance, or who from their position in life cannot avail themselves

of the helps extended on all sides to the lower classes, might otherwise oftentimes perish in their obscurity and need, but for the aid so delicately and thoughtfully administered by those whose charity ennobles them in a far more exalted degree than does their high birth and station.

\* \* \* \*

Winter has passed away; the beauteous face of spring enlivens the face of nature; and early one fine April morning—aye, early even as the break of day—is Maddelena employed in carefully packing up a painting equal in every respect to that which the envy of Beatrice deprived her of. It was Tuesday in that week which is emphatically termed “the Great or Holy Week;” and on the approaching festival of Easter, Maddelena determined to lay her petition at the feet of his Holiness. Female timidity sometimes awed her; natural diffidence caused her to fear lest she was overrating any talent she might possess; but at such times as these a look at her now suffering and constantly-invalid father was sufficient to inspire her with additional courage and fresh energy to enable her to carry out her plan.

Pass we over her parting with her father, the few words of sage advice given her by Father Paolo, who, however, would not yet yield his credence to belief in the perfidy of Beatrice Vitelli; and, consequently, had seemed to Maddelena to enter with less warmth than he was once wont to do into her hopes and fears.

Accompany us then, gentle reader, on the glad-some Easter morning to the gorgeous St. Peter's. A beautiful scene is spread in magnificent perspective before the enraptured sight of our heroine

—beneath, the beauty of the variegated marble of many a lovely tint—above, the splendour of a golden vault, lofty Corinthian pilasters, with bold entablature, intermediate niches with their beautiful statues, and arcades with graceful figures reclining on the curves of the arches, struck upon her bewildered sight; but now drawn to the foot of the altar she gazed on the magnificent vistas around, and raised her eyes to the dome, extended like a firmament above, representing in glowing Mosaic the heavenly army of angels and saints.

It was yet early in the morning, but a gorgeous procession now entered the church, preceded by a cross-bearer and thurifers, and slowly advanced between two ranks of soldiers up the nave. Anon the majestic procession was closed by the venerable Gregory, borne on a chair of state, crowned with his tiara, and bestowing his benediction on all around. Arrived at the altar, the tiara was resigned, a few prayers were recited, and then, clothed in the pontifical robes, he commenced the holy Mass. At the close of the Sacrifice he passed down the nave, and ascended by the Scala Regia to the grand gallery in the front of St. Peter's. His attendants followed him, the rest of the procession drew up on each side, the area and colonnade being lined with spectators. Softly borne upon the air came the deep tones of the organ, and the chant of the choir; the blaze of the torches played around the columns, and the pontiff now appeared, elevated under the middle arch. Every knee was bent, every lip was hushed in reverential awe; and the cannons of St. Angelo gave a general discharge, whilst, rising from his throne, the venerable Gregory lifted his hands to



heaven, stretched forth his arm, and thrice gave his benediction to the crowd, the city of Rome, and to all mankind. A solemn pause followed, another discharge was heard, and gradually the crowd dispersed.

But yet one solitary wanderer lingered. Reader, it was Maddelena. She had been told that the pontiff might probably return to the church in a short time, and there spend a few moments in private prayer; her resolution was taken, she returned; for awhile she stood surveying the beauty of the high altar, with its lofty canopy, when a gentle footfall fell upon her ear, and raising her eyes, she beheld the venerable pontiff enter the church by a side-door, now divested of his sacerdotal robes, and followed only by a single attendant. Respectfully and silently Maddelena withdrew a little, and bending her knee, offered up a prayer to Heaven to bless her efforts with success. Need we say that her heart beat with apprehension, spite of the hopeful confidence she strove to feel?

A few brief moments elapsed, the eyes of Maddelena were rivetted on the form of the pontiff. At length he arose from his kneeling posture, and was about to leave the church, when a slight noise struck upon his ear, the figure of a young woman approached, and the next moment Maddelena fell prostrate at his feet, and with eyes full of tears, and a countenance beaming with an expression of mingled fear and confidence, now presented the Holy Father with the petition which she had drawn up, previously intending to present it to one of the cardinals, and then, with the energetic determination which had so strongly

marked her character, resolving herself to present it to the pontiff.

In wondering astonishment the venerable Gregory regarded the prostrate Maddelena, and then, in that soft clear voice with which he was wont to speak, he said, at the same time motioning his attendant to open a door which gave egress to the sacristy,—

“What would you with me, my child? step aside, and tell me the purport of the paper you place before me.”

Kind-hearted and benevolent to a fault was the venerable Gregory, and as, half-abashed and trembling within herself at the pertinacity with which she had followed up the object of her mission, Maddelena laid before his Holiness her views, her wishes, her hopes, and fears, and in simple language spoke of her father's necessities, and ventured to ask if he would patronize her humble efforts, and condescend to look upon the first evidence of any talent she might possess; the heart of the holy pontiff melted with paternal compassion, and bidding her be of good heart, and send the product of her skill to him on the following day, he departed, first bestowing on the joyous Maddelena his paternal benediction.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was the eve of Pentecost, three years after the circumstances we have mentioned had taken place, and the church of San Spirito, in the ancient city of Rome, was thronged with many a visitor, who were desirous to behold a painting, exquisitely done, of the “Descent of the Holy Ghost,” and which was, on that same eve

helped me to destroy it ; it was the work of one instant ; I envied you for your superior talent ; I emptied its contents upon the painting, and then worked upon the feelings of my poor weak-minded father, till he avenged his innocent daughter, as he thought me, by depriving Signor Altieri of the little he possessed."

For a few moments Maddelena shrank aghast with horror at the tale of perfidy she had heard, but a better feeling held possession of her soul ; she took the hand of Beatrice within her own, and led her to the church of San Spirito. Father Paolo still was there, Maddelena encountered him on her way ; she stood before him, she exclaimed,

"Father, I bring you one who is dying, and touched too with remorse and penitence ; to your care, and that of the good sisterhood of the Convent of San Spirito, I commend her, and whatever may be wanting for her comfort, let it be provided, and I will repay them."

As Maddelena (may we not call her the good Samaritan ?) thus spoke, she vanished from the sight of the monk and his penitent, who now advanced with tremulous step to the holy Confessional, that harbour alike for the aching heart of sorrowful innocence as for the sinful and depraved.

That evening of Pentecost, Father Paolo met the young artiste ; he had refused to believe that so great a wrong had been done her by Beatrice Vitelli ; he called to mind the patience with which she had borne his unmerited reproofs, her fortitude under trial, the charity she had now exhibited ; and he exclaimed, in the words of Holy Writ,—

*"Many daughters have gathered together riches, but thou excellest them all."*

What more have we to say, save that the guilty Beatrice did not survive long after her interview with Maddelena; but, stung by remorse, she spent the short remainder of her life in religious seclusion with the Carmelite sisterhood of San Spirito.

As to Maddelena, she bore the honours which were showered thickly upon her, with that humility which is the offspring of sterling virtue; and in after days of opulence and comfort, the name of Signora Altieri was as a watchword used by youth to spur them on to greater energy, as they battled through the stormy sea of this life, and her purse was ever opened to succour the wants of those who were the children of adversity.



THE FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI ; OR, INEZ ALVAREZ,  
THE NOVICE OF ST. BERNARD'S.

MERRILY rung the bells of the numerous churches of Valladolid on the morning of Corpus Christi, in the year 1825. It was yet but little past the hour of sunrise of the fine summer morning, and its bright beams cast a golden glow over the river, which branching into little streams, runs through several of the streets, irrigating with its pellucid waters a delightful landscape of gardens, orchards, meadows, and fields. Its long broad streets, splendid palaces and mansions, its spacious and elegant squares, were adorned with wreaths of flowers, whilst draperies of rich tapestry were suspended from the walls, and triumphal arches were here and there disposed at the corners of the streets or entrance of the squares, beneath which the Sacred Host was to be borne, in the numerous processions which on that feast of Corpus Christi were about to take place in Valladolid.

In one of the most sumptuous palaces of the proud city, the family mansion of Don Juan Alvarez, all had been stirring from an early hour, and, with one exception, all carried light hearts within their bosoms. Afar in her lonely chamber knelt the young Inez Alvarez, her robe of white muslin scarcely whiter than her own pale face, the tear drops yet glistening on her long eyelashes, and an expression of deep melancholy upon her really

fine features. Inez had sank upon her knees, and seeking in prayer that solace of her grief which nought else can so well bestow, had become somewhat calmer, when a light tap was heard at her chamber-door, and Inez, hastily drying her eyes, admitted her unwelcome visitor. A tall thin woman now entered; her countenance was repulsive in the extreme, for it was truly the index to a mind subservient in everything to the will of a proud master, whilst at the same time she was arbitrary and imperious to every one over whom Ursula had any control.

The traces of tell-tale tears were easily discernible in the eyes of Inez, and the old domestic somewhat harshly remarked,—

“Is it possible that, even on the morning of one of the sweetest feasts the Church gives us throughout the whole year, the feast of Corpus Christi, the much-envied Inez Alvarez greets it with tears?”

“I pray you, Ursula, tell me wherein I am envied; for, sooth to say, I think I am the unhappiest maiden throughout the two Castiles,” replied Inez, with somewhat of acrimony in her tone and manner.

“Surely you need not ask that question, Donna Inez,” was the answer of Ursula; “when it was but yesterday that I heard the beautiful and wealthy Donna Elvira, the young daughter of the Count de Udina, repining that it was not her lot so soon to be united in the bonds of wedlock, with one so rich, so pious, and so good as the Duke d’Aranda.”

“Be silent, Donna Ursula,” replied Inez, with an air of authority, which she could so well assume

when deeply offended with any remark made by the latter. "Be silent, I say," she added; "mention not his name. I will to the Escorial to-morrow. My father is in the palace, and I will not cease imploring him to allow me to return to Burgos, until I have won his consent; so mention his name no more, Ursula, but hasten to accompany me to the Church of St. Hieronymo; it were sin to parley further, when I am about to seek peace itself in its very Author at the foot of the holy altar."

Accompanied then by the ill-favoured Ursula, Inez wended her way to the noble church of St. Hieronymo, where, first seeking counsel and advice where it may be found so well in the tribunal of penance, she next commemorated the great festival by devoutly partaking of the Holy Communion. Corpus Christi. Oh! how much of sweetness is enclosed in those two short words! Mystery of Love! what delight burns in the heart of the sincere Catholic as that day dawns which tells so forcibly of the unspeakable goodness of the All Holy Lord, who hath vouchsafed to leave such a pledge of His love to be our support in this exile here below! Thus, too, reflected Inez, who, offering her pure heart to Him who had in truth long possessed it, now prayed with an humble steadfast faith that He would vouchsafe to remove every obstacle which lay in her path, and induce her father to allow her to commence her noviciate in the Convent at Burgos, in which she had been educated.

Shall we speak of the splendid processions which ever and anon passed through the streets of Valladolid on this glorious feast—of the throng of

reverential worshippers who, as the Sacred Host passed by, bent their knees and bowed their heads in silent adoration? Spain, sunny Spain, with thy gorgeous churches, and splendid celebrations of the rites of the Church of Ages! what would I not give to fly away, but for one sweet Corpus Christi, from this our northern land, this land where coldness in matters of faith has long held sway, that so I might worthily tell of the splendour and noble state in which thy more faithful children indulge, when circumstances permit?

Pass we then on, and accompany us, gentle reader, to the palace of Don Alvarez; a letter awaited the coming of Inez, she tore it open with nervous eagerness; it spoke of the return of her father some three weeks hence, and bid her prepare to receive his friend, the Duke d'Aranda, as her future husband.

A proud and ambitious man was Don Alvarez, and the small fortune of the Spanish grandee suited not with his covetous desires after wealth and station. His eldest child, by a former wife, was the idol of his affection; to him he looked as the prop of his house, the stay of his declining days, the inheritor of his name and family; the hapless Inez was only thought of as a help, by which he might be assisted in the accomplishment of his designs.

The Duke d'Aranda was a man after the heart of Don Alvarez; he had seen Inez and loved her; he was master of an almost princely fortune, high in the favour of the court, and possessed immense influence amongst some of the noblest families in Spain.

On more than one occasion the duke's purse



had been opened to relieve the embarrassments of Don Alvarez, and at the last interview had unhesitatingly, and with the utmost *sang froid* in the world, stated that the price of all future money favours must be the hand of Donna Inez.

For a moment Don Alvarez recoiled in astonishment, as the duke thus spoke; and he gazed in unfeigned surprise at the countenance of the latter, which was furrowed with age, and whose silvery locks proclaimed that the evening of his life was drawing to a close. At the same moment, however, his mental vision was tormented with the sight of his fast failing coffers, which, did he adopt this scheme, would be quickly replenished; and he replied, as though in haste to atone for any offence the duke might have felt at his momentary hesitation,—

“My daughter’s hand shall be yours, my lord duke—she is honoured by your choice.”

But this was not the thought of Donna Inez, who, having been educated in a convent of the royal foundation of Huelgas in Burgos, the capital of Old Castile, a maternal aunt being one of the sisterhood and its lady abbess, who is always a woman of the first quality and next in rank to the royal family, having been the dearest friend of her deceased mother, the young Inez had there conceived an ardent affection for the religious state. Inez Alvarez possessed, indeed, every requisite necessary for a good religious life; and having fixed all her hopes and desires on the attainment of this one object, rested not till its fulfilment was achieved. But Inez had no easy part to play; she received the announcement of her father’s wishes in consternation too great to be

described—she appealed to his fatherly pity but in vain, to his religious feelings which had hitherto appeared strong ; but the love of money, or rather his intense desire to prop up the fortunes of his family, for the sake of his darling son, were yet stronger ; and Don Alvarez forgot, under the influence of these paramount considerations, the ties of fatherly affection, and the voice of religion.

Sad, indeed, was the heart of Inez on the joyous festival day on which we commenced our tale ; yet the sweet influence of the holy rite that day commemorated, was as a balm to her wounded spirit ; and she spent the remainder of the day, seated by herself in her lonely chamber, with the sweet warbling of the birds making melody to her ears, together with the babbling waters of a distant lake, whilst a little to the right appeared the distant mountains, their summits enveloped in a veil of thin blue mist, and towering grandly over the fair scene of verdant cultivation, which nature's hand had spread beneath, giving an air of imposing sublimity to the scene.

“Fair and lovely doth all things seem, save the heart of man,” said Inez, aloud, unconscious of the presence of aught earthly near her.

“And that is desperately wicked, is it not, Donna ?” exclaimed, in scornful tones, her attendant Ursula, who had entered the apartment so stealthily that Inez had not been aware of her approach ; “come, now, own the truth,” she added, leaning over the chair of Inez till her withered and sallow countenance almost came in contact with that of our heroine ; “is not the faithful Ursula, your brother, and your good father,

amongst those, lady, whom you so foolishly deem wicked ?”

Naturally Inez was soft, timid, and pliant to those around her, and easily awed or moved to tears ; not so, however, on the present occasion, all the blood in her nature was roused by the insolent speech and overbearing demeanour of the pampered Ursula, and she exclaimed,—

“ Begone ! or cease to torment me with such insolence as this ; you presume upon the faith of your long services to my family ; but have a care, Ursula, for they may speedily cease.”

This was the first time Inez had ventured to give way to so much irritability of temper towards her father's most favoured dependant ; it had its effect, however, for the present in imposing silence upon the woman, who, nevertheless, failed not to mutter between her closed teeth a threat of vengeance against her powerless young friend.

The morning sun rose brightly, and Inez prepared early for her journey to the palace of the Escorial, situated about eighty-six leagues from Valladolid. It was a bold step which she had decided upon taking, and her heart sank within her, as Ursula, ever and anon, remarked that her father would surely frown upon her petition, were it only in anger at her presumption in daring to adopt so unmaidenly an expedient, as that of leaving her own home to follow him. But not all the fears which she justly entertained, could rob Inez of the delight she felt on arriving, at length, at the end of her journey ; and for the first time gazed upon one of the masterpieces of art and human ingenuity—the palace and royal monastery of the Escorial.

Situated on the declivity of a mountain forming one of the Segovian chain, which separates the two Castiles, and composed of white stone veined with blue and brown, and surrounded by the most delightful prospect, it was no matter for wonder that Inez should pause, and reining in her Andalusian steed, gaze long ere she would listen to the solicitations of Ursula, who begged her to proceed. Above rose the mountains in all their gloomy grandeur ; before her was the palace, with its church and monastery, and around a delicious prospect of smiling corn-fields, covered with the golden grain ; the fairest flowers of that sunny clime growing around in wild profusion, and wafting their fresh odours on the breeze, might well have filled with admiration a heart less keenly alive to the beauties of nature than was that of the Spanish maiden.

"This, at the best, is but a mad expedition, Donna Inez ; I fear the anger of your father, and would fain know the worst—let us hasten on, then, at once," said Ursula, now impatient of longer delay, and really fearing—and with some justice too—the anger of Don Alvarez. Thus urged, Inez was about to proceed, when the heavens, which had for some time assumed a heavy aspect, became yet darker, a few large drops of rain fell, and a flash of forked lightning illumined the scene, succeeded by peal upon peal of thunder, which reverberated amongst the mountains, and struck terror to the hearts of Inez and her attendant. Nor were their fears groundless ; the beautiful steed, which Inez rode, pawed the ground impatiently, and as a second flash of blue and almost livid flame played upon all around,

the affrighted animal dashed onwards, and threw his now unconscious burthen at the foot of one of the hills.

When Inez regained her consciousness, she found herself supported in the arms of an elderly gentleman, who, assisted by a young lady, was employed in chafing her hands, and binding up a wound which she had received in her arm by her fall. What language, however, can describe the feelings of Inez, on recognizing in him who was acting as her friend, the dreaded Duke d'Aranda, who was then returning from the Escorial, in company with his only daughter, Donna Isabella? The storm had now subsided, and the duke, congratulating himself on his good fortune, proposed an immediate visit to her father. It may well be imagined how Inez shrunk from such a *dénouement* to the end of her mission from Valladolid; for from whom would she wish it concealed more than from the duke, who amidst sundry expressions indicative of surprise at her venturing so far from home with but one female attendant, bestowed upon her the greatest care, and insisted upon accompanying her into the presence of her father.

"Never surely was there a more awkward concatenation of circumstances than this," thought Inez, as drawing her mantilla closely around her, and shrouding her face in the folds of her thick veil, she threaded the long galleries of the Escorial, supported on either side by the duke and his daughter. A sorry figure, too, did the Spanish maiden present; her dress was drenched with the heavy rain which had fallen; her arm, which had been bound up by Isabella, was severely hurt, and

the handkerchief which enveloped it was stained with the blood which had flowed from the wound ; and the blow which she had received, added to the fear she now felt in entering the presence of her stern and ambitious parent, had imparted an almost death-like hue to her countenance.

Yet more heavily leant the form of the trembling girl, as they approached the door of an ante-room, which the duke told her led to the apartments of her father, where the latter was engaged in the fulfilment of his duties at the Escorial ; and for a moment, forgetful that the dreaded meeting must unavoidably take place, the heart of Inez beat more freely, as she heard the page in waiting reply to the request of the duke to see Don Alvarez immediately, that the latter was absent, but could be seen in the space of an hour.

" Shall we here await the coming of your father, Donna Inez ? or, should you feel sufficiently recovered, will you like to see the Church of the Escorial ?" inquired the Duke.

" Business of importance requires that I should see my father alone, my Lord Duke," now faltered out the trembling Inez ; " but," she added, for she feared that her father, in the height of his anger, might command her to return immediately to Valladolid, " I have a great wish to visit the church, so will have much pleasure in accepting your kind offer."

In wondering amazement Inez now gazed around as they entered the church. The whole structure, supported by four strong square pillars round the centre of the church, forms four arches. Each pillar has two altars ; and in the niches of

the pilasters, along the walls, are altars corresponding to the others. The whole is surrounded by elegant chapels; and above these chapels are galleries with brass balustrades. There are nine doors, and over the arches of the principal and on the high altar, are twelve crosses of red jasper. The forty altars of this magnificent building are adorned with carved work and fine paintings by eminent masters. Ascending by twelve steps of red jasper, the Duke now led Inez and his daughter from the church to the great chapel. The pavement, of a beautiful mosaic work of red jasper and marbles of various colours, rivetted her attention. The altar-piece is adorned with every order of architecture except the Tuscan. In the midst of six Doric columns stands the tabernacle, set with precious gems; and, between the other columns, paintings of sacred history: their bases and capitals of brass gilt, the shafts of fluted and polished jasper. At the ends are niches containing statues of four Doctors of the Church, in gilt brass; and on either side the tabernacle are paintings of "The Nativity" and "The Magi Worshipping the Infant Jesus." The second range of columns is of the Ionic order, inlaid with green, and contain statues of the four Evangelists. The third range consists of four columns of the Corinthian order. Two of the Composite order support the frontispiece, which terminates in the principal arch of the chapel. The tabernacle stands on a pedestal of jasper, within an arched portal, the pilasters of which are of red and green jasper, of the Corinthian order of architecture, and it is composed of gems and gilt brass. The first pedestal, of inlaid

jasper, supports eight deep-red columns, veined with white of the same material; and in the intercolumniations are four niches with four statues of the Apostles. Over the cornice is another base, with pedestals supporting the like number of gilt statues, and sustaining the cupola, divided into four compartments inlaid with jasper; and above is an image of Our Saviour. Beneath are two doors of rock-crystal, leading into the sanctuary; and the whole of this magnificent chapel is adorned with the richest mosaic work.

Wrapped in admiration, Inez still stood surveying the beauties around her, which the Duke had been pointing out to her view whilst he supported her still trembling frame with the most anxious solicitude, when, in an accent expressive of the utmost surprise, Inez heard her name pronounced by the well-known voice of her father. Face to face now stood the haughty Spaniard with the timid girl, who dreaded the dark frown which gathered on his countenance far more than she had quailed beneath the fury of the tempest but two short hours since.

"What means this?" were his first words. "What has brought you, unsummoned, this distance from your home? My Lord Duke, will you accompany me to my apartments? Here is some mystery to clear up, which, as you are the accepted suitor to my daughter's hand, it is but fitting you should see unveiled."

Why was it that Inez no longer shrank from the presence of the Duke, whom she had considered as the direst enemy to her peace? Why did she look so anxiously—nay, almost imploringly—into his still fine countenance, and endea-



your to gather comfort as she met the glance of his piercing eyes, now fixed on her with such affectionate solicitude? He it was who had occasioned her, by the offer of his hand, weeks and months of misery; who had been the cause of her not returning to Burgos; of many altercations with her father; and who, indeed, had occasioned her presence at this most trying moment. Yet so it was; and she clung to his arm with child-like simplicity, and gathered courage and comfort too from the sweet face of Donna Isabella.

And now the little party stood within the private chamber of Don Alvarez; and his countenance grew yet more stern as he demanded to know the cause of her journey hither.

"To implore you, my father," exclaimed Inez, sinking on her knees as she spoke; "to implore you not to give my hand in marriage when my heart cannot accompany the gift. It is devoted to God. In the cloister at Burgos I would fain pass the remainder of my life. Oh! then, my father," she added, "revoke your determination, and doom not the days of your only child to irremediable misery."

Darker and yet darker grew the frown on the countenance of Don Alvarez, who exclaimed in cool but cutting accents, far more fearful to the ears of Inez than the most violent anger,—

"Begone to Valladolid; return to your home, and we will discuss the matter there. My Lord Duke," he added, turning to the latter, "this foolish child is all unworthy the offer with which you have honoured her; these silly ideas will soon be overcome, you see she has been all her

life in that gloomy convent. She is a great enthusiast, and her fevered fancies have led her to imagine that she has a vocation ; but go, Inez," he added, " return with Ursula to Valladolid, and in the retirement of your chamber you will soon see how deeply you have erred in disobeying my commands, and even in thought received with coldness the overtures of the Duke d'Aranda."

" Don Alvarez, this must not be," interposed the duke ; " I have seen and loved your daughter ; the homage of an old man's heart was nothing worth to one both young and fair ; she hath chosen the better part, which fact you had carefully concealed from me, nor would I have the stain upon my conscience of wresting a spouse from heaven ; go then, Donna Inez, you are free as far as I am concerned. My daughter Isabella, in a few short days, will commence her noviciate in the cloister at Burgos, and if your father will allow me, I will endow you for the cloister as I should have done had you been my bride ; and am still happy in the thought that as it is not mine, your heart is free from earthly attachment, and that if I have lost a bride, heaven has gained a votary."

In sullen anger Don Alvarez heard the duke's speech ; his pride revolted at the thought of the duke paying for his daughter's pension, but his poverty and avarice, with his love for his son combined, induced him to conceal his real feelings, and eventually to accept the noble offer of the Duke d'Aranda.

The next day Inez returned to Valladolid, and was escorted thither by her discomfited parent and rejected suitor, who at the end of one short

week accompanied both herself and his daughter Isabella to Burgos; and in the royal foundation of St. Bernard, the community of which numbers 150 nuns, he safely deposited his fair charge.

And the good duke it was who, when the day of profession arrived, stood by with calm delight, listening to the vows of two young hearts, which were henceforth irrevocably devoted to God. The world deems this but folly: verily, the wisdom of the world is folly before God.

Thus thought the Duke d'Aranda; and even at that solemn moment a smile passed over his countenance as he thought of the better choice Inez had made, of his own foolish proposal, and of the avarice of Don Alvarez. Inez had entered on the way of life which Providence had marked out for her: thus she was happy, which she undoubtedly never would have been had she steered her course through the dangerous path of this world; for Almighty God metes out His graces to every station, and as those whom He destines for the world could not be saved did they rush rashly into religion, and destitute of the graces which He gives to those whom He calls hither, so those whom He has called to the cloister could never be saved in the world.

## ROSE FORRESTER ; OR, THE FEAST OF THE APOSTLES.

“FAREWELL, dearest Margaret, and, come weal or woe, amidst that darkness and superstition which will surround you in the land whither you are going, forget not the pure evangelical doctrines of the faith in which you were born ; and, above all, listen not to the persuasions of him to whom, in an unhappy hour, you have bound up your fate ; though parted, perchance, never again to meet on this side the grave, let me at least not have the pain of thinking that my beloved child has forgotten the lessons she received in her youth ; *extinguish not the Spirit*, dearest, but remain *confirmed in the faith, as also you have learned.*”

These were the parting words of the parents of Margaret Forrester, a fair young girl, who a few weeks since had married, without the consent of her parents, an English Catholic, who had obtained the appointment of secretary to the English consul at Lisbon.

Exeter, and many of the villages round about, are the very hot-beds of dissent, as well as of Low Church principles ; the parents and friends of Margaret were bigotted in the extreme ; she herself was scarcely less so, still the cold formalities of her home, and the gloomy moroseness of those with whom she lived, had not failed to cast a shadow over one of a naturally ardent mind, and

forgetful for the moment of everything, save the thought of her union, and the gaiety of the life which she might now hope to lead, Margaret had yielded her consent to become the bride of Edgar Forrester.

An orphan, but carefully reared by a pious maiden aunt, Edgar was in every sense of the word a devoted Catholic; yet his common acquaintance could not discover this, as his religion was practical, and consisted not merely in words and the expression of pious sentiments; and Margaret little thought that she should find him so scrupulously attentive to every religious duty, as she soon discovered him to be.

Overcome for the time, by the emotion she naturally felt on parting with her parents for the first time in her life, Margaret proceeded on her journey. It was yet early in the spring of the year, the fresh green of the trees were budding forth; the young birds warbled gaily; the flowers never seemed to send up so sweet an odour as on this morning, when one of the most earnest lovers of nature was for ever bidding farewell to the home of her childhood. In a short time they arrived at Lisbon, and a new scene now opened before Margaret. To her great surprise she found her husband was a constant frequenter of the Sacraments; Mass he heard daily, and when the day of rest came round, he was, at every available moment, in the church of our Lady of Grace belonging to the Augustine Fathers. Insensibly Margaret allowed the piety of her husband to have an influence on her own conduct. A shade passed over her, her laugh was less gay; her smile more con-

strained ; and yet why should this be ? Could she feel that Edgar Forrester was less kind, less fond, less attentive than when they were first married ?

No ; such was not the case ; but the demon of bigotry and party prejudice had warped the naturally good disposition of the young English-woman, and the effect it had on her conduct was to render her, though quite causelessly, less happy than hitherto.

Some years passed away ; Edgar had hitherto been woefully disappointed in his hopes and expectations as to his wife entering the fold of Catholicity, and already sundry altercations had ensued between them as to whether their only child, Rose, should be brought up in the faith of the Protestant or Catholic Church. Margaret was extremely expert in quoting texts of Scripture, and had a peculiar knack, in common with many others of her class, in wresting those same texts to any signification she might choose to place upon them ; and the home of Edgar Forrester soon became a scene, on the part of his wife, of troublesome and annoying controversial discussions.

Their child had but just attained her fourth year, when pestilence in the form of a virulent and malignant fever broke out in the city of Lisbon. It first made its appearance in the poorest and most neglected parts of the great town, but quickly spread to the suburbs, and made itself felt in the abodes of luxury, equally as in the dwellings of want and penury. In the greatest consternation Mrs. Forrester awaited each day the return of her husband, fearing lest they should themselves be amongst the sufferers. Nor were her apprehensions groundless ; as the summer

proceeded onward, the pestilence increased in its fury, the streets of Lisbon seemed almost like those of a deserted city, and of the few wayfarers almost all were dressed in the garb of mourning, and every face wore an anxious and gloomy expression.

It was the twenty-ninth of June, the Feast of the glorious Apostles SS. Peter and Paul. Edgar Forrester designed to hear Mass on his way to the residence of the consul, and as he now stood preparing to depart, at a window overlooking the church, a thrill passed through his veins on noticing the scanty throng which passed out of the church of our Lady of Grace. At that moment the sound of a bell struck upon his ear, and now there issued forth one of the priests of the church, bearing in his uplifted hands the blessed Sacrament, and preceded by two boys bearing lighted tapers. Within a few paces of the church was the guard-house; the soldiers on duty now issued forth and presented arms, whilst the priest, raising aloft the consecrated host, imparted the sacramental benediction. It was a sad, and at the same time a soothing sight; some dying sinner was about to leave this world, and was preparing to bear with him, under the sacramental veils, Him before whose dread tribunal he was shortly to stand. The silvery tinkling of the bell, the clash of the arms, the solemn quiet that otherwise reigned around, all struck to the heart of Edgar, who now rising from his knees, beheld his wife buried in tears.

"Come, cheer up, Margaret!" exclaimed her husband. "Providence will, in His own good time, clear away the cloud that hangs over this devoted city; now, farewell, I shall hear Mass,

and then take a short stroll to the residence of the consul; I shall not be absent long, so keep up your spirits till my return."

"But, Edgar, I am very wretched," passionately exclaimed Margaret; "take me with you to church; I have a strong presentiment the shadows of the grave will ere long descend upon us both; little by little my mind has been opened to conviction; I have tried much your patience and your virtue, by my bigotry and my prejudices; what day so fit as this, the Feast of the Apostles, to witness my reconciliation with the Catholic Church? Take me, then, at once; for that religion must needs be holy, which, with so many pious practices, leads the soul onward in its path through life."

Full of thankfulness to God, Edgar Forrester conducted his wife to the church, and the prevailing thought of the latter was one which the very festival of the day was calculated to call forth; it was the Feast of the Apostles, and, in common with many others, Margaret lacked not a great veneration, especially for the Apostle Paul, whom, however, she had never ventured to pray to until now, and sincerely and earnestly did she beg of him to obtain for her the grace of a conversion as perfect and entire as that of the great Apostle of the Gentiles himself.

The High Mass over, Margaret and her child returned home, whilst her husband wended his way to the habitation of the consul. A thrill of horror, however, chilled his very blood as he approached the house; for the priest, whom he had seen pass the house that morning, was now leaving the residence of the consul, which, being closely shut, told him that death held dominion there.



One moment told him the fearful tale, his friend and patron was no more ; a few hours since he was in the enjoyment of health and strength, now he was in the arms of death.

Slowly and sadly Edgar Forrester pursued his way homewards ; the apprehensions of his wife had now struck to his own heart, he felt as though they were a doomed family, and he knew that the hand of the destroying angel was upon himself, for even as he entered the threshold of his house, he found himself attacked by the first symptoms of the pestilence.

"But what fresh woe is this?" thought Edgar, as the little Rose, with tears in her eyes, hastened forth to meet him. Alas ! Margaret was extended on a couch, the fever-spot upon her cheek, and the fangs of death gnawing at her heart. It had been nothing of late to hear of three or four persons dying in each family in which the pestilence made its appearance ; the devoted pair knew this, they felt that they must die, their grief was for their child. "What would become of her in a land of strangers?" murmured the sinking Margaret ; "and ah ! still worse would be her fate in the land of our birth," she added, remembering her early faith, and the home in which she had been reared ; well aware, too, was she how a child, educated in the principles of the Catholic faith would be received, and the efforts which would be made to eradicate from its mind the early notions which had been so carefully instilled by Edgar. But time passed quickly on, and that of Margaret and her husband was limited to a very few short hours. They had seen death stalking through the land, and they knew that it had now approached

themselves ; at the most, the ravages of the pestilence over its victim were confined to six hours ; they called in medical advice, aware before they did so that human aid was useless ; and as the soft twilight began to fall, the aged Father Pedro, whom Edgar had seen that morning leave the church to attend the dying consul, now entered his apartment to fulfil the same charity for himself. Ah ! fearful sight, the agonies of death were to be seen in the disfigured countenances of two young persons, the morning of whose life had not yet faded away ; the priest hastened to fulfil the duties of his callings on the bed of death ; Margaret was received as a child of the Church, and the two received together its last consoling rites. But there was one frail thing of earth, one weak blossom about to be torn from the parent stem, the remembrance of which, amid high and holy reflections, called their thoughts ever and anon back to the cold world they were on the point of quitting. And this was Rose, who, young as she was, was yet aware that her parents were dying, and whose loud sobs pierced their hearts.

“What will become of my child, now?” exclaimed the agonized mother. “Ah ! would it were the will of God that she, too, might accompany us !”

“Be comforted,” replied the priest ; “this our city of Lisbon boasts of a noble institution, the House of Mercy ; there Rose will be kindly received and cherished ; so let not the thought of her future welfare disturb your dying moments.”

“There lives not one who claims relationship with me,” replied Edgar, his voice now falling

in low and feeble accents; "but the parents of my wife are rich and prosperous; but say, Margaret, would you not rather that our child should grow up with honest poverty as her inheritance, than that she should incur the chance of losing the precious gift of faith which you have just received?"

"Yes," replied Margaret, in a calm, clear voice; "certain it is that my mother never would allow her to be educated as a Catholic; yet, father, I have one more request to make,—I pray you write to my parents for me, and inform them of my death, and of our wishes with regard to the destination of our child."

The priest, to whom Margaret gave the necessary instructions, both as to address and name, assented, and then bringing the weeping child to the side of her expiring parents, Margaret, with her own hands, took from her neck a locket, enclosing a miniature of her own mother; and drawing a ring of peculiar workmanship from her finger, and which was formed of a single ruby, of great value, set with diamonds, she placed them in the keeping of the priest, with an earnest request that they might be carefully preserved, as they might hereafter, should her relations meet her daughter when she might have attained the age of womanhood, be the cause of her being acknowledged by them.

Colder and colder now grew the hitherto warm pressure of the parents, who still held the hands of the scarcely conscious child, until the priest, after repeatedly warning them of the danger of infection, induced them to allow Rose to be removed.

Gently then fell the shades of death, no sound broke upon the stillness around, save the distant wail of the child, so suddenly bereft of both parents, the stifled sob of Margaret's faithful Portuguese maid, and the low voice of the priest, who now recited the prayers used by the Church for those in agony, when a deep sigh bursting from the lips of Margaret, announced that all was over. A fearful sight it was to note the expression of fresh agony which now distorted the countenance of the dying man; his wife, the faithful companion alike of his trials and his pleasures, was gone, and he could not gaze upon her face, his hand not been the hand to give the cooling draught, or raise the throbbing head. But a little, yet a little, poor sufferer, and you, too, shall be at rest; for now a heavy stupor falls upon the dying mourner, he sees not, hears not; the good priest finds that his own voice was unheard, that the glazed eye could see no longer, that the spirit was about to burst the bonds which confined it to its mortal tabernacle, yet he started, as one long, loud gasp, proclaimed that Edgar Forrester was no more!

It were not easy to describe the situation of the poor Rose, as the child was made sensible of this, her first grief. As usual in such cases when pestilence is at such a height, her parents were buried on the following day, and she was taken to the noble hospital which the priest had named to her. Here divers works of mercy are to this day performed; sixty youths are brought up, portions are given to one hundred and fourteen maidens, prisoners for debt are relieved, decayed persons are maintained, whose gentle birth forbids them to beg, and families are assisted that

are ashamed to let their wants be publicly known. Moreover, this great hospital is obliged to receive persons of every nation or religion ; nor is their charity confined to the sick, but extends itself to idiots, lunatics, and foundlings.

How noble and comprehensive is Catholic charity ! and how widely it diffuses itself can be best understood by a glance at such an institution as this. Rose Forrester was immediately placed by Father Pedro amongst the orphans, and a letter quickly dispatched to her maternal relations informing them of the death of both parents.

Weeks however elapsed, and failed to bring any answer to the letter ; and the priest now fairly considered Rose as his own especial charge.

Dearly, too, was she loved by the good nuns, who watched over her ; and it was confidently said that, as she advanced to womanhood, a portion would be given her to form a settlement either as a marriage dowry or as a pension, should she wish to take the veil.

The greatest delight that Rose knew, was to be permitted to attend at times upon the sick ; her greatest pleasure to come in contact with any person belonging to the land of her parents ; and then in broken English, the Portuguese maiden would render them the greatest service in the power of one to bestow to another, namely, whilst alleviating pain to offer the sympathy of a tender heart.

And yet there was another joy, which Rose felt most truly as she advanced in life, and this was hers on each anniversary of her parents' death, the Feast of the Apostles, SS. Peter and Paul, to whose intercession she devoutly believed her

mother's conversion had been owing. On this day she would withdraw apart from her young companions, and pray for the souls' weal of those so dear to her, as also for the conversion of any of the sick and poor English persons, who by the especial favour of Father Pedro were put under her care.

Though brought up the object, we may say, of public charity, Rose Forrester nevertheless lacked not that feeling of honest pride which those who come of gentle blood necessarily feel when hard adversity crossing their path, leads them to become the recipients of the bounty of others. Yet, we wish not to infer that the mind of Rose was of that base cast which feels galled under the favours that were showered upon it. Such was not the case; like the truly great, Rose ardently longed for the period to arrive when she might hope to eat the bread of honest independence, yet she felt not humbled by receiving the bounty of others; humiliation, she knew, could only be justly felt, supposing she was herself idle and unwilling to work.

In stature Rose Forrester was not unlike her mother, being a little above the middle height, and if her dark blue eyes beaming with intelligence, and rich brown hair, which were so much admired, bespoke her English parentage, yet the clear olive of her complexion, and her somewhat marked features, betrayed that she was a Portuguese by birth.

Rose had not attained her twentieth year when one of the noble patronesses of the asylum, who had seen and admired her, requested Father Pedro to allow her to remove her from the House of

Mercy, and suffer the orphan to live with her in the capacity of companion ; and we need scarcely say how gratefully the offer was accepted. A new life now opened before her ; but yet, amidst the luxuries which her benefactress showered upon her, Rose was not less humble, less good than heretofore. Like one of the saints of old, this lady spent a large part of her ample fortune in relieving the distresses of others ; and having been for many years one of the principal patronesses to the great House of Mercy, she took especial delight in watching over the well-being of many of its unfortunate inmates.

In these charitable expeditions her favourite Rose always accompanied her, and never did they go without the latter inquiring if there were any English persons amongst the sick or the distressed.

It was the twenty-ninth of June, the Feast of the Apostles, and the sixteenth anniversary of the death of her parents, when Rose, anxious to commemorate the day by deeds of benevolence on this occasion, sallied forth alone, after the High Mass was over, to the Great Hospital.

To her constant inquiry as to whether there were any English persons there, she this day received an answer in the affirmative, being told that an elderly gentleman had met with an accident in the streets of Lisbon, and that being a stranger to all around him, and perfectly unconscious, he had been carried to the Hospital, in which he was now lying, between life and death. A few moments more then brought Rose to the bedside of the sufferer, who, for the first time recovering his senses, drunk in with delight the few words of English which Rose, now quite the

mistress of her parents' native tongue, poured in his ear. But while she yet remained by his couch, and speedily ascertained, even in those few moments, that the object of her solicitude was no poor mendicant led to the Hospital for pecuniary need, a lady entered the private apartment which had been assigned to the use of the stranger, and with a countenance beaming with mingled joy and fear, approached the bedside. A few words of glad recognition ensued, but the English gentleman was too bad to be removed, and the friendly visits of Rose were again requested.

Day followed day, and Rose was yet to be seen by the bedside of the stranger, and on the seventh day, as he was slowly progressing to convalescence, our heroine again met Mrs. Seymour in the Hospital, and received an earnest invitation to see them at the hotel whither they were staying, ere their departure for England.

On the following day Mr. Seymour was to be conveyed to his home, it being now considered not imprudent to remove him, and Rose prepared to depart, one hand was warmly clasped in that of the stranger lady, the other extended towards the invalid; but ere he could press it in his own, yet even while he thanked the Portuguese maiden for her kindness, a slight shriek burst from the lips of his companion, and she exclaimed, addressing Rose,—

“What strange coincidence is this! that ring which you wear on your finger was as a heir-loom in our family for many generations. On parting with my only daughter, I placed it on her finger; I entreat you tell me, how you came in possession of that valued ring.”



"This ring," replied Rose, with an emotion difficult to be described, "this ring was, with the locket which I wear, entrusted by my dying parents to the good priest in whose charge they placed me." And as she spoke she loosened the locket from her neck, and, touching a spring, disclosed to the eyes of the astonished Mrs. Seymour the miniature of her deceased daughter Margaret.

"Welcome! thrice welcome to our home and hearts, daughter of our beloved child!" exclaimed Mrs. Seymour and her husband after the first moments of recognition were passed; "we return not then to England lonely and childless. Oh! we could not tell thee, Rose, of the anxious days and sleepless nights we passed, sixteen long years since, when no tidings reached us, when no letter was replied to; and when tidings of the dread pestilence reached us; and we too truly feared that our child had fallen the victim."

"Is it possible," replied Rose, "that the letter miscarried which Father Pedro wrote, informing you of the death of my parents? Ah! now I remember," she added, "it was my father's wish that I should be educated in the principles of the Church of Rome; this was to be the proviso of my return to England; and when Father Pedro met with no reply, he conjectured that you would not receive beneath your roof the child of your daughter, because she was a Catholic."

An attentive observer might have seen Mrs. Seymour compress her lips tightly together as Rose thus spoke; and she herself noticed a slight frown pass over her countenance as she replied:—

"Enough of this, dear Rose; your mother was a fervent Protestant; we never received the letter to which you allude, but, had we done so, we could scarcely have been expected to have paid deference to the wishes of our son-in-law and have disregarded those of his wife."

"But," interposed Rose, "my dear mother died a Catholic; and the last words she uttered were to express a wish that I might be brought up in the doctrines of the Church of Rome."

"Be it so then, Rose," interrupted Mr. Seymour, whilst his lady uttered a low sigh; "return with us to England; we promise you a happy home, and the full enjoyment of your religious principles."

"But, dearest grandfather," said Rose, returning, with tears in her eyes, the warm embrace of her newly-found relative; "love and gratitude combined to those who have hitherto been as parents to me, prevent my acting as a free agent. I must consult with Father Pedro, and the noble and kind benefactress who adopted me, ere I can bid adieu for ever to the city of Lisbon."

It was not surprising, perhaps, that Rose should fear, fervent and zealous as she was, persecution on the part of her Protestant relatives; nor was it wonderful that she should not much care for a transition from the fervid, sunny Portugal, to (in matters of faith) our own cold northern clime. One week was given her for her answer; and, after due deliberation, Father Pedro and the Countess de Monçada both agreed that she had best go to England for a short time, but begged her to consider the land of her birth as her home; and the Countess moreover added:—

"I have no children, Rose. It is my intention to bequeath a handsome sum out of my large fortune to the Great Hospital; the residue will form the portion of Rose Forrester."

It was no wonder that the orphan bade adieu with a heavy heart to the city of Lisbon, wherein she left such kind hearts, mentally resolving not to protract beyond one year the time of her absence; yet she felt a longing desire to witness the birthplace of her mother; and as Mr. Seymour and his lady soon learned to love their young relative, she felt more reconciled to the change.

Nor was the visit of Rose void of good to those the evening of whose life was far spent. Mr. Seymour had never partaken so largely as his wife of the sectarian prejudices of Protestant Exeter; he was the first, then, to lend an ear to the words of Rose. With his lady the task was somewhat more difficult; she had the writings of St. Paul, with sundry other texts of Scripture, at her fingers' ends. Rose knew them full as well as her grandmother, who construed them by the rule of private judgment; but the former gave them no sense but that which the Church put upon them, and trusted rather more to the intercession of St. Paul than cavilling about his words; and thus was it that, ere she returned to the land of her nativity, she succeeded in making her a Catholic.

Ere the time of her departure her grandfather had paid the debt of nature; and Mrs. Seymour, having nothing now left to cling to, and Exeter's evangelical inhabitants having turned their backs upon her, in dismay at the change in her religious

opinions, she decided on returning with Rose to Portugal.

In the course of a few years, then, Rose inherited alike the virtues and the worldly inheritance of the Countess de Monçada, and allied herself in marriage to one every way worthy of herself.



THE VALE OF ST. GERMAINS; OR, THE SLEEP  
OF MARY.

DEEP in a shady valley, above which towered the Royal Palace of St. Germain-en-Laye, the residence allotted, by Louis the Fourteenth, King of France, for the use of the exiled James the Second and his wife, the fair but unfortunate Maria d'Este, was situated, about the year 16—, a cottage, humble enough, yet withal neat and pleasing in its appearance.

Sweetly pealed forth the bells of the neighbouring churches on this the 15th day of August, the Feast of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady, and a motley group now poured into the church adjoining the Palace of St. Germain. Ever and anon amongst the French peasantry—and those, too, of the middling class—were mingled knots of the brave Scotch and English followers of the unfortunate James. The dejected appearance of many amongst them, and the faded state of their wardrobes, loudly proclaiming the fact that they had sacrificed their fortunes, and all that could render life desirable, rather than remain to render fealty and homage to William of Orange and the undutiful and ambitious Mary.

All, it would seem, have now entered the church, for the bells have ceased, and the loud and deep tones of the organ are issuing forth from the

stained windows of that noble pile. But afar from that lonely valley now come forth a still young widow and her daughter—a fair girl, perhaps eighteen years of age, and whose arm sustained the feeble steps of her mother, whilst her deep blue eyes ever and anon looked inquiringly into the face of that loved one as though she feared ill effects from even that slight exertion.

But nothing could turn the purpose of Lady Cameron; and weak and exhausted, still leaning on the arm of her daughter Mary, she entered the church. It was the first Feast of the Assumption that she had passed since she left her Highland home. There religion was shorn of its ancient splendours, and men had learned to rejoice to hear a Mass celebrated in some private dwelling by stealth and in fear lest they should be discovered and brought under the ban of the barbarous penal enactments. Flora Cameron, then, forgot for awhile her own sorrows—than which none could be more painfully acute—in the joyous service of the day, which almost seemed to have the power of imparting new strength to her weak frame. The High Mass over, the throng of faithful worshippers dispersed, and Flora and her daughter paused a few moments, so as to avoid encountering the crowd without.

But one awaited them whose humility disdained not familiar intercourse with her faithful friend, and this was the amiable and pious Queen Maria, who had seen Flora Cameron in the church, and now paused to exchange with the desolate widow a few kind words.

Greatly was the Queen Maria beloved by her few faithful followers; the urbanity, meekness,

and humility of her disposition had gained her many affectionate friends and faithful adherents ; and amongst all who had perilled their lives in the cause of the royal house of Stuart, none were more beloved than the gallant Sir Archibald, who, high in command as a naval officer whilst the King was yet Duke of York, had won for himself the friendship and affection of the latter, and who was one of the first to fall a victim to his loyalty to his King. Lady Cameron, who had been one of the maids of honour to the Queen, had sought a refuge with some friends in the Highlands with Mary, her only child, then about seventeen years of age. The news had reached her of her husband's death, and her soul was henceforth penetrated with a mortal sadness never to be removed on this side the grave. For hours together she would sit indulging in silent melancholy, and then, in company with her daughter, would wander away to the ruins of an ancient chapel, dedicated to St. Margaret, a dreary and now desolate spot, since the desecrating hand of man had disfigured that which was once a fairy-like scene. Still there was enough beauty left to show what it once had been : the delicate tracery of the sculpture, looking like beautiful lace-work ; the splendour of the groined roof ; the massive pillars, and the pointed arches, showed how magnificent was this temple of the living God ere the fury of the fanatical Covenanter had completed his work. Oh ! how altered now ! There lay, broken in twain, a huge slab of marble which once had been the altar ; the stained windows had been dashed to pieces ; the niches had been deprived of the effigies of sculptured saints, which

now lay broken beneath the feet. Here and there the deep blue sky might be seen through the apertures in the roof; whilst the waves of the sea, dashing mournfully against the walls, gave an additional sadness to the scene. Here, then, would poor Flora Cameron often wander, whilst Mary would weave into wreaths the wild flowers which she gathered on her way, or amuse herself with a book, for she was passionately fond of reading.

On one occasion it happened that a heavy storm detained them longer than was their wont; the thunder reverberated amongst the distant mountains, and the blue flashes of lightning struck terror into the heart of Mary as she clung to her mother, who had sought a refuge behind a cluster of stone pillars which partially excluded it from sight. It was a frightful storm; and the heart of Lady Cameron beat with fear as she contemplated the probability of a stay in the gloomy ruins throughout the night, which was already approaching. It was, in sooth, a dreary scene; and yet the heart of the widow became still more alarmed than when alone in those solitary ruins, which had once resounded with the hymn of praise, and where the holy Sacrifice had been offered, as she heard the sound of many feet advancing towards the ruins.

Still more did she shrink within herself, as a bright flash of lightning revealed to her the fact that they were a party of soldiers, belonging to the troops of William the Third, of which she was made painfully aware by the conversation which ensued.

In an agony of fear too great to be described, Flora now motioned her child to be silent, and



cowered yet lower behind the massive pillars which, for the present, offered her a friendly concealment. The ribald jest now broke upon her ear; the indecent mockery of the Dutch William's soldiers was coupled with scoffs of what to Flora's ears was most sacred.

"Look!" at length exclaimed one whose voice was louder than his companions; "see how ghastly are the faces of these popish saints, as the blue lightning plays upon them! they almost seem to reproach us for throwing them beneath our feet;" and as the ruffian spoke, he raised a huge stone, and threw it against a fragment which yet remained in a niche near the spot at which Flora and her child were stationed. A stifled shriek rose to the lips of each, which fortunately was drowned by a loud peal of thunder which now rung amongst the distant hills. What language, however, can express the fear of Flora, as one of the ruffians exclaimed that he had heard distinctly a shriek near them, which was drowned by the thunder!

"I heard it, too," exclaimed another, "and I like not this place; nothing human is here, and the dashing of the waves against the walls of this popish mass-house, the howling of the wind, and this fearful storm, make it a very unpleasant residence for the chosen of the Lord and true-hearted followers of King William."

"I would, however, that we could root out from their place of concealment, the wife and brat of the villain Cameron," exclaimed one of the party; "it is certain that she has sought a refuge in some of the fastnesses in the Highlands, and as the wife of one of the officers of the rebel troops,

we shall find it worth our while to prolong our search."

Still closer clung the girl to her affrighted mother, who, pale as the marble which sheltered her from the gaze of the soldiery, still leaned against the pillars, striving to still the loud throbbings of her heart, and expecting immediate detection. But now a change came over the scene, the flashes of lightning were less vivid, and the peals of thunder died faintly away in a low muttering sound amongst the distant hills; the rain entirely ceased, and a few pale stars twinkled brightly in the sky, which suddenly became cloudless and serene, whilst the moon rising high in the heavens, enabled Flora to discern the countenances of her pursuers, which were ruthless and harsh in the extreme.

Who shall tell the joy she felt as at length she heard them decide on leaving the ruins! but her joy was tempered, however, by fear, as she found that they were, for some distance, to take the path she must herself pursue.

Nevertheless, it afforded her no small relief to see them depart; and, like an affrighted fawn, she now came forth from her place of concealment. Long she stood with her daughter, enveloped in their plaids, at the entrance of the ruins, till she could no longer descry, in the winding path, washed on one side by the sea, and bounded on the other by rocks and hills, any trace of the soldiers. At length she judged it safe to issue forth, and with trembling steps, hastened to the abode of the humble friends whose cottage had sheltered her until now from the track of her pursuers.

It was evident that it was no longer safe for Lady Cameron to tarry in Scotland. Under the disguise, then, of a shepherd's wife and daughter they reached in safety the nearest port, after taking a melancholy farewell of their trusty friends, intending to make their way as speedily as possible to St. Germaine. Need we say that the desolate Flora was warmly received by Maria Beatrice D'Este, whose eyes moistened with tears as the widow of Sir Archibald Cameron kneeling before the king and herself, craved his protection.

"My protection!" sighed the unhappy James; "alas! it is but little that I have to offer; but to such as it is the widow of my brave Cameron and his helpless daughter are, indeed, most welcome."

Alas! poor James! Lady Cameron and Mary made but two more to the throng of needy sufferers with whom he shared that which dwindled to a pittance when he was called on to minister to the wants of so many.

But return we from our digression; on the morning of the Assumption, on which we opened our tale, the queen showed herself, if possible, more than usually solicitous in behalf of Lady Cameron, who deeply felt the sympathy of her royal mistress. It had been Flora's own request, that however humble her home, she might be allowed to dwell in solitude, rather than become an inhabitant of St. Germaine, which the queen would have gladly acceded to.

With many expressions of sympathy the good queen parted from Flora, who, led by her daughter, now wended her way to the picturesque vale in which her humble home was situated. In much alarm, as the day wore on, did Mary watch by

the couch of Lady Cameron ; the unwonted exercise of the short walk of the morning had lent an additional pallor to her cheek, save where the fever-spot showed too truly that disease held the mastery within that frame. Mary was herself a specimen of a beautiful Scottish maiden ; her long fair hair, which as the rays of the evening sunlight fell upon it, looked like wavy threads of gold, shaded a countenance delicately fair ; her eyes were of the deepest blue, shaded by long lashes, which imparted a truly feminine softness to her face and form ; the general cast of her features was good ; her stature that of the middle height, and the retirement in which she had passed her life, the shade of melancholy which early sorrow had thrown around her character, gave her only another charm.

Softly fell the evening shadows down the vale of St. Germain's, lighting up with their mild radiance the humble apartment in which Mary and her mother were seated, when the door opened, and the Abbé of the Church of St. Etienne entered, accompanied by a young man, over whose head, perhaps, some eight-and-twenty years had passed.

Perfect in manly beauty was the countenance of Walter Macdonald, who like Mary, was the orphan son of one of the brave officers of King James. The talents of Macdonald had recommended him to the notice of Louis the Fourteenth, who had ardently desired to attach him to his own court, but for the pertinacity with which Macdonald insisted upon still following the fortunes of his royal master.

It wanted, too, but little penetration to dis-

cover that there was some secret influence that led young Macdonald so often to the house of Lady Cameron; for rarely did the good Abbé Le Vasseur take his evening stroll there unaccompanied by him. On this evening the conversation naturally fell upon the festival of the day; and Mary, whose face was radiant with smiles as she spoke of the Blessed Virgin, exclaimed,—

“It is a perfect marvel to me how the self-styled reformers can affect so much devotion to our Lord, whilst they decry and malign His Blessed Mother. Ah! surely the true Christian cannot separate the one from the other; and how sweet, father,” she added, now addressing herself to the Abbe, “is the feast this day commemorated! for who can imagine that she out of whose flesh was formed the body of our Lord, should be doomed herself to see corruption? This festival, termed the sleep of Mary, how beautifully does it typify that transition of our Blessed Lady, from this mortal life to the glorious immortality of Heaven! but yet, father,” continued Mary, her face glowing with enthusiasm as she proceeded; “does it not seem wonderful that God should thus have tried in the crucible of affliction, His dearest Mother, the Blessed Virgin, who was a model of piety and virtue in the most eminent degree, and whose every thought was ever devoted to His love and service?”

“But see you not, Mary,” replied the Abbé Le Vasseur, “that in proportion to the exalted virtue of the Blessed Virgin, so were her trials proportionably great? for it was the will of God to try in a supereminent degree the virtue of our holy Mother, so that she was doubly tried in the furnace

of affliction, far—far above any of the saints or servants of God. In every circumstance of life the Blessed Mary was to be sorely tried, He even denied her the endearing name of mother; yet, where do we find in the Sacred Writings that He denied her one request? for was it not at her petition that He wrought His first miracle at the marriage feast of Cana?"

"Well," returned the devout lover of Mary, whose sweet name she bore; "I always appeal to our Lady with great confidence in her intercession, nothing doubting, unless it be the will of God to withhold the grant of my petition for my greater trial and purification, but that by the intercession of Mary, my desires will be granted. She was a creature, father, and so I approach her as I would seek a beloved friend; yet, at the same time, she, the Blessed Mother of the Man God, though the work of His hands, is yet so holy and pure in His sight, that with loving confidence I crave her aid, nothing doubting but that I shall obtain the grant of my petition."

"And so lively a faith, dearest Mary, is sure to be rewarded with success," interposed Walter Macdonald; "and as I am about shortly to follow the fortunes of our beloved master, by accompanying him to Ireland, pray for me, and let your prayer to-day, on this Feast of the Assumption or Sleep of Mary, be for our safety."

The shadows of evening had deepened into those of night, and the Abbé Le Vasseur, accompanied by his young friend, who was already making active preparations for his departure from France, bade farewell to the widow and her daughter.

A few months later Walter Macdonald, in company with several of the gallant men who had followed the unfortunate James into exile, bade farewell for awhile to the shores of France, yet once more to venture their lives, under the hope of restoring the rightful heir to the throne of his fathers.

But a dangerous undertaking was placed on the shoulders of the young but enterprising Walter, who in the disguise of one of humble rank, and attended only by one trusty follower, was commissioned to repair to his Highland home, and there collect together those who were still willing to yield their hearts, and lend their hands, in aid of the rightful cause.

It is true Walter Macdonald did not escape without sundry mischances, and frequently incurred the hazard of falling into the hands of the emissaries of Dutch William; nevertheless, his good fortune, or rather, may we not say, through the fervent prayers of the fair Mary Cameron, preserved him amidst all dangers; so that he at length landed in the sister island with a knot of brave, honest-hearted Highlanders, ready to peril life and limb in behalf of King James.

Meanwhile many months passed on; months fraught with anxiety to the queen, and little less so to the wives and daughters of the loyal men who remained at St. Germain.

Anxiously, too, were the days now passed by Mary Cameron and her mother; for the death of the latter was evidently fast approaching. The winter set in unusually severe, and the weak frame of the widow received a shock not again to be overcome. It is wonderful to note the tenacity

with which the poor body clings to life; to see the struggle as the spirit parts away, when long since all hope on this side the grave has faded away. Thus it was with Lady Cameron, and Mary yet indulged a hope that her almost idolized parent would yet live, because the sands of life ran out so very slowly; and the frail body again seemed to gather new symptoms of life from the very decay which overwhelmed it.

Spring was now drawing nigh. Walter was soon to leave France; and with no friend save the Abbé Le Vasseur, and the kind sympathising remembrances of her royal patroness, Mary was left in sole charge of the dying widow.

May, that month so trying to invalids, had set in. Lady Cameron was sensibly worse, and Mary now much alarmed summoned the assistance of the Abbé. The rites of religion were bestowed on the dying Christian, but there was one request which she had still to make ere her mind could be composed and calm, and she feebly whispered,—

“Monsieur l’Abbé, I have one request to make, and yet I fear to give utterance to that which I would fain say; but our queen is so gentle and so good, that it may be she will forgive the petition of a dying mother.”

“Speak on, nor fear that Queen Maria D’Este will reject the petition of one of the most beloved of her friends,” said the queen, who, to the great astonishment of Mary and the Abbé, unattended save by one lady, now stood by the couch of Lady Cameron.

“My gracious mistress!” now exclaimed the dying lady, “this is no fit scene for you. I have a boon to ask, but dreamed not of the happiness



of seeing you again before my death; and that boon is, to crave your protection for my orphan daughter."

"Be it so," exclaimed the good queen, whose eyes were suffused with tears; "rest assured, Flora Cameron, that Mary shall not want a home or a friend whilst I live. And now, dear friend, calm your mind, and think only of the better world, to which you are, I trust, hastening."

Gently fell the shades of death over the dying woman. In grief, too deep for utterance, Mary had watched by her till the entrance of the queen, who, on hearing of the approaching death of her favourite attendant, had determined to break through the etiquette and restraints imposed on royalty, and see again one whom her affectionate heart had truly loved, ere she passed to the bourn whence no traveller returns.

The queen now rose to withdraw; and Mary, leaving for one moment the bed-side of her mother, now knelt at her feet; and pressing to her lips the hand extended to raise her, she faltered out her grateful acknowledgments to the queen for her majesty's kindness towards her.

Again Mary returned to her mother's side, and now employed herself in reciting the prayers for the dying, whilst occasionally she wiped away the heavy dews of death which hung upon her brow.

The sun had sunk behind the hills, and the moon had risen in all her majesty;—never did the face of nature look more beautiful than on this calm, lovely night; the latticed windows were thrown open to admit the cool breeze from without; the rays of the moon shone full on the lofty tower of the castle of St. Germain in the

distance, whilst beyond appeared the tall spire of the church of St. Etienne, its walls half shaded by the noble poplar and dark branches of the solemn yew trees, the silence of the night only broken by the low melancholy song of the nightingale. And gently as a babe that sinks to rest in its mother's arms, so gently did the tired spirit of Flora Cameron now pass from its mortal coil: one low sigh, and then the utter quiet that succeeded after that irregular heavy breathing, alone told that the spirit had passed away.

And Mary Cameron found a refuge at the palace of St. Germain's; the heart of Maria Stuart was good and affectionate; never was it so sad as when, in the days of her adversity, her poverty did not allow her generosity to find a vent. And many were the tears she shed at the sight of sufferings beyond her power to alleviate, especially when endured by those who suffered for their loyalty to herself and her husband.

Mary had imbibed a great respect for the queen from her mother; that sentiment soon ripened into love, as she became honoured with the familiar intercourse of her royal mistress, who, immediately on the death of Lady Cameron, gave her an appointment about her own person; and that love increased to absolute veneration, as Mary became the witness of the virtues, the confidant of the sorrows, of the royal exile, whose heart was alike torn with apprehension for the ultimate fate of the king, the future prospects of her son, and wrung at the distresses of her faithful followers.

\* \* \* \* \*

Again it is the 15th of August, the Feast of the Assumption, or the Sleep of Mary. The battle of

the Boyne had been fought ; the hopes of the king had again been overthrown ; many of the bravest of his followers were killed, and others had been fearfully wounded, and amongst the latter was Walter Macdonald, who, concealed during the space of a month by some friends in Ireland, was at length sufficiently recovered to proceed to France.

More than a year had now elapsed since the death of Lady Cameron, yet Mary had not thrown aside her mourning robe. She had attended High Mass with the queen, and now her mind was full, for the moment, of sad thoughts. She stood at one of the windows of the castle, mournfully gazing down into the vale beneath, where stood the cottage once inhabited by her deceased mother. Her thoughts were at that moment full of anxiety as to the fate of Walter Macdonald, mixed with sadness at the fallen fortunes of her family and the desperate condition of the royal exiles. Suddenly her attention was arrested by a little knot of persons ascending, with weary steps, the acclivity leading from the valley below to the castle gates. They were three of the followers of King James who had just returned from Ireland. Their steps were slow ; their countenances pallid, and full of deep dejection ; their raiment torn and out of order ; their whole appearance that of men who had fought hard, struggled long, and returned to their homes destitute and feeble. A shade paler, too, grew the cheek of Mary as she gazed on the countenance of the foremost of the little party. Could that pale, thin form be that of Walter Macdonald ? Yet so it was ; and the deep scar upon the high, broad forehead, which the cluster-

ing locks of rich brown hair scarcely concealed from view, told that he had manfully fought the battle of his king. Slowly did the little group reach the castle gate, whilst Mary, hastening to the presence of the queen, imparted to her the intelligence that Walter Macdonald was at hand. At that moment James entered the apartment, and understanding that his faithful Macdonald was on his way hither, requested that he should be admitted immediately to the royal presence. The young captain now entered the room, and, casting his eyes on his faded habiliments, craved pardon of his Majesty for appearing before him in so unseemly a garb.

"Mention not that which your own loyalty in my service hath put upon you, my brave Macdonald," replied the king with a sigh; and those who stood near him observed the exiled monarch turn aside to brush away a tear as he spoke. "Ah! my brave soldiers," added he, "the heart of James Stuart, amidst all his trials, knows none heavier than the mournful sight of the distresses of those who suffer for him. Would," he continued, "that it were in my power to repay you in some slight degree for what you have suffered in my behalf."

"Speak not of reward for such service as this, my gracious master," replied Macdonald, much moved by the evidence of such emotion in the crushed spirit of the hapless king; "little would I or any of your followers have recked, had we lost our limbs in your Majesty's service, in which we are but too proud to peril our very lives. See, sire," he added, "this scar is the worst that I can show;" and as Macdonald spoke he brushed aside the wavy hair which partially concealed it, and

disclosed a large and scarcely cicatrized wound; "but I have a boon to beg, my gracious king,—a great boon to ask," he added, sinking on one knee before the king, "though not as the price of any weak service my poor hand may have rendered; and this boon," continued the noble Macdonald, "is the hand of Mary Cameron."

"Rise, Sir Walter Macdonald," said James, unsheathing his sword as he spoke and laying it upon the shoulder of the latter; "we confer on thee the honour of knighthood; and," he added, turning to the blushing Mary, "we also give thee, and that right willingly, the hand of as fair and true-hearted a maiden as ever graced our realm of Scotland; and that the blessing of heaven may ever attend you both is the heartfelt prayer of your king."

"A prayer in which I too most devoutly join," exclaimed the good queen, imprinting a kiss on the forehead of Mary Cameron, who had bent her knee as her royal mistress spoke; "it is but little, maiden," added the queen, "that Maria Stuart can now bestow, even on those whom she dearly loves; but take this bracelet," she added, clasping on the wrist of the young girl one of the costly valuables which she had still retained;—for the days of sharp adversity which the good queen was doomed to see had not yet clouded to the utmost her dark path;—"and wear it as the gift," she added, "of one who would give thee more, dearest Mary, had she got it to bestow."

"My gracious master and you, royal lady," exclaimed the young knight, whilst tears of gratitude coursed each other down the face of Mary Cameron; "rest assured, that the one cloud which

mars the happiness you have both this day bestowed, is the painful thought that we cannot feel that you, too, are happy; this it is which will throw a cloud over the joy we should otherwise feel."

"Ah! speak not thus, Macdonald," exclaimed the queen, down whose pale face the tears were slowly falling, for the unfortunate Maria Stuart never had the power of disguising her feelings; "go, and pray that grace and patience may be given to myself and my liege lord—grace to bear our own trials, and patience as we witness those of our faithful followers, trusting that at no very distant period, we may be able to reward our faithful friends. And remember, sweet one," she added, laying her white hand caressingly on the head of Mary, "remember, this is the Feast of the Assumption; have not your prayers to our Blessed Lady been, indeed, granted; are you not a child of her especial care?"

"Ah! yes, of a truth, gracious madam, our Blessed Mother has heard my prayers," replied Mary Cameron; "and well do I remember this sweet feast of the Sleep of Mary, two years since, and confidently will I still trust in her intercession, that after this short life is over, we may meet you, beloved mistress, in the Kingdom of her Son."

And the rays of the evening sun stole softly into the *boudoir* of the exiled queen, and there she sat, with her own heart sad and heavy, but affectionately arranging how all things should be conducted for the marriage of her favourite, which it was her royal pleasure should take place the ensuing week; whilst the unfortunate and good-

hearted James, whose failings, the result of his weak and vacillating mind, made him his own enemy rather than that of others, with his own hand penned a note to Louis of France, recommending to his notice the young knight, who afterwards became an ornament to the French realm.

And in the old church of St. Etienne, the fair Mary Cameron and the brave knight, Sir Walter Macdonald, were united, and their bridal nuptials were honoured by the presence of James and his queen, who yet retained about her person, until the departure of Lady Macdonald to the French capital, one who was the most favoured and beloved of her attendants.



THE MAID OF BOHEMIA; OR, THE FEAST OF ALL  
SAINTS, AND ALL HALLOWS EVE.

NOVEMBER has set in,—that month so dreary, especially in the great metropolis; nor on the occasion of which we speak had the weather belied the character it has obtained, especially amongst foreigners; for the morning of All Saints was so gloomy, and the fog so dense, that as Mabel Rosenheim drew aside the curtains of her chamber-window, she in vain attempted to discern any object across the street in which her uncle's residence was situated.

"Ah! would that I were back in my own Bohemia!" exclaimed the girl, with a heavy sigh; "oh! how I long for the woods and forests of my native land!—how I hate the fog and smoke of these London streets! yet there is one comfort for me to-day," she added; "my uncle has promised to accompany me to Mass; for it is the festival of All Saints, and then, at least, I can fancy myself at home."

Mabel had spoken in tolerably good English, for her uncle was an excellent linguist, and had found the young girl an apt pupil; so that ere she attained her eighteenth year, she understood French, English, tolerably well, and German, which was, of course, her native tongue. An eavesdropper was at hand, in the shape of an officious landlady, who entertained a holy horror



of Catholics, and who was not over partial to the poor foreigners, whether Italian, German, or French, who belonged to that vilified faith.

"Miss Rosenheim," suddenly exclaimed the woman, now standing beside Mabel, who started at the suddenness of the interruption; "tell me, I beg, what you mean by the festival of All Saints; I was at a loss to understand your meaning when you spoke to me yesterday of All Saints' day."

"A day set apart for the commemoration of all the Saints of God, and on which we implore their intercession," replied Mabel; "for the year is too short to give a separate day for each. Moreover, there are many unknown to us, many for whom no particular office is instituted. This is why we call the first of November All Saints; and I am now about to go with my uncle to one of the London chapels on this account, so that for to-day and every Sunday I fancy myself again in Bohemia."

"Ah, well!" exclaimed the vulgar and ignorant woman, to whom the simple Bohemian girl addressed herself; "certain I am, miss, that God never intended any days to be kept besides the blessed Sabbath; this is nothing but a mere invention of Romanism."

"We have come here as lodgers, my good woman, not to discuss religious matters with you, which for the future I shall insist upon my niece not mentioning," exclaimed a tall and somewhat good-looking man, about the middle age, who had entered the room as Mrs. Wilson uttered the last words; and then turning to the young girl, he bade her prepare for her morning walk, as soon as the breakfast should be over. Frederick Rosenheim's

features were good ; and yet there was something sinister in the expression of his countenance, an indescribable something which chilled one to look upon, which made one think that the owner of that face was not a good man ; that that stern and forbidding look was not gained for nothing ; for the face is generally an index of the soul.

If the truth must be told, Herr Rosenheim would sooner have passed his morning alone in his solitary chamber, or in close converse with two or three of his Bohemian friends, who happened at the same time to be in London, than he would have accompanied the gentle Mabel to Mass ; but as he had promised, and as he took especial care often to try the patience of poor Mabel to the utmost, he condescended at least to humour her on this one occasion.

With a tolerably good grace then, did Herr Rosenheim step abroad into the thick fog and cold gloom which then prevailed. He had spent the last five years in England, and though perfectly acquainted with London, still met with sundry mischances and many mistakes ; also incurring several risks of being run over by the numerous vehicles which are always to be seen at that crowded part of the metropolis between Holborn-hill and Cheapside. Herr Rosenheim consented then, at length, to hire a cab, in which, as it was about to take her to the chapel, the Bohemian girl forgot for awhile all her sorrows. The service of the day had commenced when poor Mabel entered, and she felt inconceivably happy as, kneeling down, she joined with the utmost fervour in every portion of the Mass ; and her poor heart rejoiced as she thought that she, though now encompassed with many

trials, might hope one day to be one in the company of the glorious army of Saints that day commemorated.

O happy communion of the Catholic Church, which thus associates us with the unseen world, the world of spirits, forming one bright link, one golden chain, which extends from earth to heaven ; so that even while exiles here below, we live as it were in a better world, now invoking the intercession of the pure and the holy, then offering up our prayers for those souls not free from the defilement of sin, who are detained in the middle state ! Comforted then did Mabel feel ; and ere she left that humble temple, she had prayed fervently that she might have patience to bear, at least with resignation and fortitude, her own wayward fate.

Mabel Rosenheim was an orphan. At the tender age of four years she was left to the sole care of her uncle, her father's younger brother, and only relative. Young as she was, she could faintly remember having lived in a large house in Vienna, and that after the death of her mother she was taken by her uncle to the forests of Bohemia, where for some years he had led a life of the most solitary seclusion. Wild as the air of her native mountains Mabel grew up almost the child of nature itself. She lacked not beauty either, nor was she destitute of those mental powers which are far above the gifts of person ; and, better than all, she was blessed with a pious and devout turn of mind. Far away, in a little mountain chapel, did she love to wander, and there endeavour to reconcile herself to the strange and wild life she had for years past seen that there was no hopes of.

escaping from. But a sudden turn was given to affairs, when late one night Herr Rosenheim sought his lonely home, and informed her that before another sun had set they must be on their way to England. A strange and undefined apprehension of coming evil took possession of Mabel's soul: her uncle's life was enveloped in mystery, and the girl could not, in her just appreciation of vice and virtue, think that he was virtuous; for vice alone needs such concealment. She had often longed to penetrate beyond the recesses of those Bohemian forests; yet now that the world lay before her, that creation which was quite unknown to her, she almost shrank from the view. For worlds she would not have ventured a question, for she held him in too great awe to ask the cause of his journey. A wakeful night, then, Mabel passed on that which was to precede her journey; and wept, such is the perversity of the human heart, when she heard the bell of the mountain chapel toll for the Angelus on the next morning, because she should perhaps not again breathe the air of those wild mountains. Had Mabel Rosenheim been the slave of the tyrant who called himself her uncle, he could not have treated her with more arrogance or hauteur: yet this strange man was a paragon of inconsistencies to the orphan girl; for at times, when perchance she had pleased him by unwonted diligence in any task he had assigned her,—for as we have already said, Herr Rosenheim had the reputation of being a learned man,—she would notice, on suddenly raising her eyes, those of her usually severe uncle fixed on her face with an expression of deep feeling, and that occasionally they were moistened

with tears; and this was also the case when, on arriving home after long hours of absence, in which the desolate Mabel had been left alone in their solitary cottage, he found everything prepared and assiduously looked to for his comfort.

This evidence of feeling, then, which was sometimes awakened in the otherwise harsh nature of Herr Rosenheim, formed the one link which bound Mabel to him by the ties of affection.

Vainly had she, ere too young to feel the power which this strange being exercised over her, sought to draw aside the veil which hung over her fate; the worldly circumstances in which her parents had died, and the condition as to pecuniary affairs in which she had been left; but the sternness of the repulse she had met with entirely silenced all her future inquiries.

Arrived in England, Mabel felt her condition in no way ameliorated. Those who visited her uncle were men whom she rather felt inclined to fear than to esteem; and she now shrank to the retirement of her own chamber rather than encounter him.

It was the evening of All Saints. As the day wore on, the fog dispersed; and Herr Rosenheim, leaving Mabel to her own gloomy reflections, prepared to leave home, telling her not to wait up till his return, as he should probably not come back till a late hour of the night. For awhile Mabel passed away the time by engaging in her exercises of devotion, and when she laid her rosary and books aside, she sat listening to the heavy rain which beat against the windows, and the howling of the wind whistling round the corner of the street. The fire burned cheerfully in the

bright stove; the curtains, of crimson moreen, were drawn over the windows, and everything presented a striking contrast to the former forest home of the Bohemian girl; yet her heart was full almost to bursting, and her tears fell thick and fast over the book she still held. The excitement attendant on the sudden change of scene, the newness of things around her, the unexpected and speedy transition from the deep forests and mountainous tracts of Bohemia (for of Vienna Mabel entertained but a very faint remembrance), had worn away as long years crept on; and now that she had leisure for thought and reflection a sadness crept over her such as she had never before felt. In one sense she was more solitary in the heart of the crowded metropolis than in the wilds of her native country. The curiosity of woman was at work. She had no friend to speak to, for Herr Rosenheim had sedulously kept her from the society of persons of her own sex. Lost, then, in her sorrow, Mabel noted not the lapse of time, and started on hearing the clock of one of the parish churches strike the hour of ten. Surprised at the lateness of the hour, Mabel now withdrew to her own chamber, but had scarcely entered the room when a violent knocking was heard at the door, and she heard the voice of her uncle the next moment on the stairs.

In much alarm Mabel now left her room, and beheld her uncle advancing towards her with a face pale as death, and an expression of horror in his countenance such as she had never before beheld.

“What is the matter, dearest uncle?” exclaimed

Mabel, in real concern ; for Herr Rosenheim was not a man to show such emotion for a matter of trifling import.

"Nothing of consequence to you, Mabel," he replied in the austere tone it was his wont to assume when he wished to check any curiosity which she might feel ; "leave me, it is my wish to be alone ; and prepare to-morrow for our return to Bohemia ; it is not my intention to remain in England."

Much surprised at this announcement, as well as pained at the cutting coldness of her uncle to herself, Mabel returned to her own room, and wept herself to sleep at the thought that she must continue to be ever at the beck and-be the slave of Rosenheim's caprice. Nor did Mabel fail to remark that her uncle did not leave his lodgings on the next day—nor, indeed, on that which followed—until the darkness of night veiled all things in obscurity, when, deferring his departure till the last moment, he left at a late hour, only allowing himself time to reach the vessel.

"But how is this?" thought Mabel on finding, upon her arrival in her own country, that her uncle took not the road which led to her former home in one of the Bohemian forests, but directed his steps towards the city of Glatz, lying between Bohemia and Silesia, and on all sides surrounded with mountains, and which can be reached only by a long, rugged, rocky, and winding road. Yet to the lover of nature's beauties it was a sweet scene as they proceeded onwards ; the mountainous tract being delightfully variegated with verdant hills and flowery dales, meadows and fields, woods and streams, interspersed with towns and villages.

In one of these small villages, situated in a deep

valley, and above which towered the neighbouring mountains on one side, whilst on the other rose a dense forest, abounding with gigantic oaks, beech, pines, black poplar, larch, chesnut, and olive trees, which gave a grand sublimity to the scene, Herr Rosenheim now hired a cottage.

The gentle and usually acquiescent nature of Mabel was roused; she felt a just indignation at the tyranny exercised over her by her uncle, and grew daily more impatient of the thralldom in which she was held by his almost despotic sway.

Vainly did she strive to fathom the mystery with which he enveloped himself; it was not poverty, certainly, which made him thus retreat from the society of others; for, as far as Mabel could discover, her uncle never wanted for pecuniary resources, though whence these resources were derived she was at a loss to understand, for she had not the faintest idea.

In this obscure and yet beautiful solitude Mabel passed several months, until the shades of autumn again were thrown over the scene.

It was drawing near the end of October when Herr Rosenheim was suddenly taken alarmingly ill: it commenced with a change similar to the shock which Mabel had guessed he had received on the night of his departure from London; but how to assign a cause for it she knew not.

An indescribable sensation of horror crept over her, however, on witnessing the change which took place in a few hours in the stalwart frame of her uncle. She had never loved him; rather, we might say, he had inspired her with fear; yet now that she was conscious—though she had never seen the approach of death before—that



she was about to lose him, the unhappy girl clung to him with a feeling of affection, such as she had never before felt. Vainly did Mabel intreat him to allow her to send to Glatz for medical aid, he was obstinate in his refusal; and as she hung over his pillow, and with affectionate solicitude endeavoured to soothe him under the pains he suffered, and awaken within him thoughts of that world to which he was passing away, she observed first one and then another large tear steal down his usually harsh countenance, till, the whole man softened, he burst into tears.

"Uncle, dear uncle!" exclaimed the now terrified Mabel, alarmed at this unwonted evidence of feeling; "what can I do for you? Ah! let me seek the assistance of the good missionary of the hermitage in the neighbouring forest; he will bring to you that comfort in the Holy Sacraments which earth cannot bestow."

A strange expression, as of mingled doubt and hesitation, passed over the features of Herr Rosenheim; he seemed debating within himself as to whether he should allow Mabel to summon the assistance of the monk or not. She saw his indecision, and seizing on the favourable moment, again urged her point.

"His name?" inquired Rosenheim, still undecided.

"He is called Father Francis," replied Mabel, "and is almost adored by the people around this spot; wait but a few moments, dearest uncle, I will be back shortly," she continued, now hurrying from the cottage, lest in the wavering state of Rosenheim's mind he should decide against the step she wished to take.

Evening was drawing on, but Mabel feared not; she saw nothing before her save the form of her dying uncle,—dying after so strange, mysterious, and, Mabel could not help thinking in some measure, criminal life,—unshrived, unrepentant, unabsolved. Onwards she trod, threading her way through many a labyrinth and intricate maze in that gloomy wood, till she reached a moss-covered hermitage, from which faintly gleamed the light of a taper. For a moment Mabel paused: the monk was engaged at his devotions; and through the rude opening constructed in the side of the hut, she observed him devoutly kneeling before the humble altar, on which stood a crucifix and a couple of wax tapers. Mabel dreaded every moment of delay; an immortal spirit was about to burst the bonds which separated it from eternity; she could not restrain her impatience, and now moved towards the door of the hut. The slight rustling of the leaves attracted his attention; and, rising from his knees, the monk approached the door. He started back in astonishment as he perceived Mabel, whose face he well knew from her constant attendance at the Mass he daily offered for the poor peasants in the adjoining villages.

An expression of surprise at seeing her at this unwonted hour crossed his lips, and in a tone of slight reproof he was about to command her instantly to return to her home, when Mabel made known to him the cause of her visit.

The monk delayed not to reply to the summons, but immediately prepared the necessary requisites for his journey; and in less than a quarter of an

hour Father Francis and his young companion had reached the borders of the forest.

A sad change had taken place in the countenance of Rosenheim; death had unmistakeably impressed his seal upon those features; an expression of pleasure passed over them as Mabel entered; but what was her horror to see him start with surprise,—to hear a shriek escape his lips, as the monk approached his couch! Trembling with fear, Mabel stood a silent spectator of the scene; and her astonishment can be better imagined than described, as her uncle, now raising himself by a violent effort, and fixing his eyes, covered with the film of death, on the countenance of the monk, exclaimed,—

“Come not to reproach me, Carl, for I am dying; I have seen you twice before, and I thought not that you were a dweller of this world; yet pardon, forgive the monstrous wrong I have committed, as you hope to be forgiven.”

“I do forgive,” exclaimed the monk, in deep and earnest tones; “but small time have we for speech of wrong and injury; leave us, daughter,” he added, turning to Mabel; “go for awhile and pray for the spirit about to depart this life.”

Why was it that such a feeling of indescribable emotion passed through the frame of Mabel as the monk uttered these words? There was something to be revealed which might have a powerful effect on her own destinies. A short time elapsed, when the voice of the monk summoned her again to the chamber of her uncle; his countenance was now calm and placid, but the traces of tears yet showed that he had been deeply moved.

"Mabel, dear niece," he faintly murmured, "I have a deed of justice to perform ere yet I leave the world. I have wronged thee sorely in keeping from thee thy birthright; I have treated thee harshly, save when thy fair face and form brought before my mind's eye thy mother, whom, ere she became my brother's wife, I had fondly loved. I had imposed upon thee a false name that I might the better escape detection. Carl Von Altenberg," he exclaimed, now raising his voice by an almost superhuman effort, "approach, and claim Amelia thy only child!"

While Rosenheim, or as we may now call him Herr Von Altenberg, had been speaking, the monk had stood apart, and with folded arms and downcast eyes contemplated the scene before him.

As the last words fell from the lips of the dying man he advanced towards the weeping girl, who sunk on her knees to receive the blessing of her newly-found parent. Yet how much of mystery was there to clear up, but which a few short words explained, as the monk raising her, exclaimed,—

"Welcome, thrice welcome, my long lost child! Amelia Von Altenberg, extend thy forgiveness to thy misguided uncle ere he dies," he added, pressing a father's kiss upon her forehead as he spoke.

"Uncle, dearest uncle, depart in peace with God and man!" replied Amelia, now approaching the bed, whilst the monk hastened to offer the last rites of religion to his guilty brother. And the penitent sinner had poured forth the burthen of his guilt into the bosom of him, who was at once the confessor and the injured relative, and

who then, pronouncing over him the holy words of reconciliation, admitted him to the sacred banquet for the soul of the dying.

And when the first faint streak of day poured through the casement of that lonely cottage, two persons might be seen kneeling at the couch on which reposed the cold, inanimate form of the shrouded dead.

Amelia and her father were yet there, they were still praying for the soul's weal of one who had sinned so deeply.

Frederick Von Altenberg was from youth ambitious, haughty, and imperious to those who were around him; what wonder, then, that he hated and despised the pious, humble-minded Carl—what wonder that ambition begat envy, and that, like a second Cain, he deeply hated his brother, especially when every bad passion was added to the feeling, that he was rejected by one to whom he was attached, for the sake of the detested Carl. His brother married, a daughter was born; and, at the expiration of three years, affairs connected with the government of his country hurried the Baron Von Altenberg to a distant country. He was detained for many months; the sole care of his property, in his absence, he had left to the management of his brother; for Carl, who was possessed of a good heart and an unsuspecting character, recked not of the evil which existed in others. At length the object of his commission finished, Von Altenberg set sail from Africa to return to Germany; the vessel had not put out to sea many days before a heavy gale ensued, a terrific storm took place, the vessel was wrecked, and the baron

alone escaped, clinging to a raft, and was thrown on an uninhabited and desert island.

For several weeks the unfortunate Baron supported himself by living on the wild fruits and herbs which fell in his way, his eyes constantly bent in one direction towards the waters of the vast ocean, in the hope of seeing, at length, some vessel approach to whom he might make a signal of distress.

At length, early one morning, as the mist cleared away which hung over the wide waters, Von Altenberg descried a small canoe making way towards him; but his heart sank within him when he found, from their violent gesticulations, their swarthy complexions, and their barbarous style of dress, that he had fallen into the hands of one of the savage tribes which people the African Islands. Any attempt to move their pity was, of course, vain, and as the baron found that they were not disposed to treat him harshly, he wisely judged that the safest plan was to acquiesce in his hard fate, and consider himself as their captive, till Providence afforded him some chance of escape. He was immediately attached to the service of the chief of the tribe, to whom, on finding after the lapse of some years that the former was well satisfied with him, the devout baron, who had already learned enough of their language to make himself understood, strove to initiate them in the mysteries of the Christian faith. His prayers were answered with success; the chief listened and believed, and then, yielding to the persuasions of the Baron, who assured him that he could place him in opulence in his own country, the two concerted

a means of escape, which, unassisted, the Baron could not have effected.

The opportunity long watched for was at length found ; the rest of the tribe were one day absent for a few hours, and the chief and the Baron embarked in a frail canoe upon the wide waste of waters, and were soon far from the island.

Their small stock of provisions were nearly exhausted ; they had been beating about for three days, now far out of sight of the island, and vainly expecting relief, when towards the evening of the fourth day, the Baron descried a white sail fluttering in the distance ; and who shall tell the joy he felt as nearer, yet nearer came the majestic vessel which was to restore him to his native country ?

The ship was a French one, bound for that country, as she was now on her homeward course, and the Baron was eagerly welcomed by the captain and his crew. Nor was the good chief less hospitably received, but was treated with all imaginable kindness. Not long, however, did he live to enjoy the blessings of his new faith on this side the grave, or the favour of the good Baron ; for ere the vessel had advanced far on her way to Europe, a fever broke out on board, and the neophyte of the Baron Von Altenberg was one of the first to fall a victim to it.

At length the day arrived on which the Baron was to part from his friends, as his route homewards lay in a different direction. Again thrown amongst strangers for the remainder of his journey, the thoughts of Von Altenberg recurred to his home, and on arriving at Bohemia he delayed not a moment, but immediately sought his paternal

estate. His grief and surprise may be better imagined than described, when he found that the Baroness Von Altenberg was long since dead; that his property had all been sold by his brother, who had suddenly disappeared, taking with him his niece Amelia.

The Baron immediately took every means in his power to track his steps, but without avail; through the help of his friends he offered immense rewards for the discovery of his brother and child, but every endeavour proved fruitless; and as it had been officially reported that the Baron Von Altenberg was one of those who had perished in the wreck of "the Emperor," as the vessel was termed, a colour had been given to the proceedings of the false Frederick, who, it will be remembered, had assumed the name of Rosenheim, and leaving Vienna had sought the desolate tracts of the Bohemian forests and mountains, and when not there had on one occasion retreated to England, it having come to his knowledge that his brother was now no great distance from him. Here, then, he passed some years, enjoying in quiet his ill-gotten gains, and glorying in the thought that he kept them and Amelia alike from the possession of her father. It one evening happened, and it was this same night of All Saints to which we have alluded previously, that the almost heathen Von Altenberg chanced, more out of curiosity than devotion, to enter the little chapel appropriated in London to the use of the Germans; and he was listening attentively to a sermon delivered in his native tongue, when his attention was arrested by a smothered sob near him. Von Altenberg turned aside, and his face grew pale, as the guilty de-



frauder of a brother's rights beheld his victim standing a little on one side, convulsed with grief, altered indeed, but still the same, noble, handsome, dignified, as when, in the prime of manly beauty, he bade adieu to Vienna for the shores of Africa. The heart of the recreant quailed within him; should he be recognized he was undone. The theme of the sermon was the forgiveness of injuries; was it not likely that it had touched home to the heart of the innocent victim, and thus convulsed him with grief? Cautiously watching, then, for an opportunity of escaping unobserved, the guilty Von Altenberg escaped, and the next day fled with Amelia from the shores of England, and took up his residence, as we have said, in one of the villages of Glatz.

What now had the Baron to do with this world? nothing! and he had long sought a refuge at the foot of the altars of his God, and had become a missionary priest, very long before the guilty Von Altenberg had met him in London. At length he became imbued with a wish to lead a more contemplative life than he had hitherto done, and asked and obtained permission from his superiors, to retire to the hermitage in one of the forests of Glatz.

Poor Amelia, she had sought in religion that balm which never may be found elsewhere; often and often had she turned her steps to that little hermitage; she had flown for relief to the tribunal of penance; to him who was esteemed as a saint by the men of Glatz; to him who was, in a double sense, her father and her friend, and who little thought when the gentle Amelia knelt beside him, telling of her trials and her sorrows, that he

possessed in his pious penitent his own long lost child.

But return we from our digression. Now rising from his knees the monk took his daughter by the hand, and leading her from the room, murmured,

"A few days more my unhappy brother's remains will be consigned to the earth; draw we a veil, my Amelia, over his errors and his crimes, and let us adore the omnipotent justice of God, who has led me hither to receive his last confession. Early in the following week we shall repair to Wurzburg, in which city I find that my unhappy brother purchased, out of the wealth which was my own, a beautiful estate, whilst he sold our patrimonial castle in Bohemia, and my Vienna residence. There is still sufficient left, then, although he has squandered much, amply to endow my Amelia, whose safety must now be looked after."

And the earth soon covered the remains of the ambitious and wicked Frederick Von Altenberg, and many a pious prayer was said over that grave by the saintly monk and the pious Amelia, that Heaven would grant him mercy, and receive him at length into the abode of eternal bliss; and well could Amelia now divine why her guilty uncle had sometimes looked upon her with so much tenderness; ah! it was because she had reminded him of her mother; and when treated with harsh coldness, was it not likely to be the result of the unnatural hate he bore his noble-minded brother?

But draw we a veil over the faults of the guilty Frederick; and come with us, gentle reader, to the Cathedral of Wurzburg. This year All-Saints' day has been spent in accompanying the good Father Francis thither; and the intervening

space has been passed by Amelia and her father in the Castle at Wurzburg, now the estate of our heroine. It is evening, and with a buoyant though reverential step, Amelia enters the Gothic Cathedral of St. Kiléan.

Twenty pillars, supporting the roof, form two porticos; at each pillar is a sculptured altar, adorned with statues exquisitely carved, paintings, and gilt columns, and dedicated to some particular saint. The pulpit, of white marble, recounts the history of Our Lord's sufferings in basso-relievo gilt; the pedestals are adorned with eight statues of the four Evangelists and four Doctors of the Church. At two corners of the choir are two magnificent altars, with pillars of black marble much gilded—one dedicated to St. Joseph and John Nepomucene, the other to SS. Philip and Cunibert. The statues, with those of two others, are richly gilt. The pictures on one altar represent an *Ecce Homo*, the other, Simeon holding the infant Jesus. The principal altar is a magnificent dome, richly ornamented, carved, and gilded; supported by four columns of black marble veined with white; the bases, capitals, cornices, and festoons richly gilt.

On this day the treasures of St. Kiléan were brought out. A cross of gold enriched with diamonds, together with another of massive gold adorned with large sapphires, rubies, and emeralds, were borne in procession; and a chalice of solid gold, set with diamonds, had adorned the high altar. It was a glorious sight for the wondering gaze of Amelia, whose eyes now wandered to the busts of solid silver, representing the Blessed Virgin and the five Apostles of Franconia.

But the night of All-Saints wore on; the ves-

pers of the Feast are concluded ; before the altar is suddenly placed a bier, supporting a coffin covered with a pall of sable velvet richly embroidered with silver. Sable hangings cover, as by a magic hand, the back of the altar ; the pulpit, and the whole adornments of the church, wear the same funereal hue, and the solemn and beautiful vespers for the dead—the sweet *Placebo Domine*—now softly rise in one melodious chant. The Psalms—so expressive, so sweetly mournful—chosen for this occasion now resounded through the lofty aisles of St. Kiléan's Cathedral, and filled the mind of Amelia with reverential awe.

Ah ! how full of sweetness is this holy doctrine of prayers for the dead ! how consoling this belief in a middle state ! this hope in the efficacy of prayers for the soul of the departed !—for ah ! how few are there so pure and stainless as to wing their flight immediately to the regions of everlasting bliss ! Yet let us hope that many are not so wicked as to be doomed to the abode of eternal woe. For oh ! if the just shall scarcely be saved ; yet, trusting to the infinite mercy of God, let us hope that the imperfect shall scarcely be condemned.

And now the thoughts of the holy monk and the pious Amelia turned to the wretched Von Altenberg ; and the prayers of the sainted brother and the injured niece, poured forth with fervour and humility, were borne on the golden wings of angels to the footstool of heaven's mercy seat.

Ah ! how full of consolation is the thought, when we look on the cold face of the departed one, that this sweet intercommunion yet goes on !

—that if in heaven, purified from every stain, they pray again for us, and that our prayers return not to our bosom void; and that, if yet detained in a state of suffering, we are by our prayers, our almsdeeds, and our suffrages, propitiating heaven in their behalf!

Thus was it then that, with the guilty Von Altenberg, those who joined in the service on that All Hallows Eve found a consolation therein.

What more, gentle reader, have we now to say?

Like one of the saints of God, adversity had drawn the heart of the holy Baron heavenward; nor did he repent of his choice. Placing the gentle Amelia in the care of a noble Baroness, he daily watched her progress in virtue; and, in due course of time, his own lips pronounced the nuptial benediction over the head of his daughter, who some years later became the bride of the noble and good Baron Von Arnheim.



THE BARONESS VON ARNHEIM ; OR, ALL SOULS' DAY :  
A SEQUEL TO THE MAID OF BOHEMIA.

GENTLY fall the early evening shadows through the stained windows of the castle of the Baron Von Arnheim ; an air of grandeur is upon all around ; the furniture, heavy and massive in the extreme, is covered with Utrecht velvet of the deepest crimson, and rich draperies, of the same expensive material, fall over the windows in the principal apartments of the castle ; each one being placed in an arched recess, the faint beams of the setting sun penetrate gently into the space beyond.

In the apartment we speak of sat a lady, the prime of whose life was past, for she numbered perhaps fifty years of age, and the indelible hand of time had left its impress on the fine features of Amelia ; for she it is who had not yet lost, despite its ravages, those charms of grace and disposition for which she had been so distinguished, but whose once glossy and luxuriant tresses are now bound up with matronly care beneath her simple cap of white blond ; and the colour on her cheek is a thought paler than was its wont, when, years since, wild as the air of her own mountains, she lived in her still well-remembered forest home. There are others, too, in that spacious apartment, and the little group there assembled might do justice to an artist's skill. Beside the baroness stands a fair girl, the counterpart of what she

herself had been twenty-five years since, and whose golden tresses, falling in luxuriant ringlets over her neck and shoulders, her dark-blue eyes and simple robe of white muslin, and pale blue girdle, formed a strong contrast to the Baroness Amelia, whose now matronly form was attired in a heavy robe of black velvet, whilst a rosary of pearl depended from her side, and bracelets of the same were clasped around either wrist.

Three more persons, too, have we yet to introduce ; there is the venerable monk, over whose head full eighty years have passed, and whose humble demeanour and the subdued and chastened expression of whose features, for the haughtiness of the German noble has long since vanished under the chastening influence of religion, forms a contrast to the somewhat proud bearing of the noble Baron Von Arnheim and his only son Leopold, who, arrayed in the uniform of an officer in the service of the Emperor of Austria, was about to bid farewell to his family ere he joined the forces of his sovereign. The fire of martial ardour burned in the breast of Leopold Von Arnheim, who now stooped to kiss the fair girl who was employed in fastening around his neck a small scarf of embroidered satin, which her own hands had worked. The hour of parting had arrived, yet she who was the mother as well as the wife of a soldier could not restrain her tears as she gazed with motherly pride on the handsome stripling, who, scarce yet twenty years of age, was about to leave his home, perhaps for ever.

"Nay, dearest mother, check these tears," exclaimed the youth, "and you, Ida," he added, addressing his sister ; "cheer up both of you, and

believe that yet a little while and I shall return to you all again. I could not lead an inglorious life, and never will I disgrace my noble home by any act of cowardice. You know it is by my own request that I am entering upon active service; do not unman me then by this evidence of feeling; and now, father," he added, turning to the monk, "give me your blessing, for the moment of departure has arrived, and I may not tarry longer."

As Leopold thus spoke, he bent his knee to receive the blessing of the monk, and again folding his mother and sister in one long embrace, hurried from the room. The shades of night were now falling, and a quiet silence reigned in the vast halls of the castle. The monk, who had long since been summoned by his superiors to abandon his favourite hermitage for a place of trust in the monastery to which he belonged, and who had left it only to breathe a few words to his grandson ere he left Bohemia, had departed on his homeward way, and the baron still remained alone with Amelia, in the apartment we have mentioned. Ida was not there; she had wandered away to a distant part of the building after the departure of her brother, and she had ascended, with her maid, a flight of steps, which led to a lofty turret, commanding a view of the surrounding country. But Bertha showed a strange reluctance to accompany her young mistress to this uninhabited part of the building; and, smiling amidst her tears, Ida now insisted on the latter accompanying her thither. Like a speck in the distance, Ida beheld the gallant Leopold in the valley beneath, with his brave troop of fol-



lowers, dashing on, either to victory or to death; and as she had previously told him that she should ascend to the grey turret—as it was termed,—he now looked up, from a little eminence he had gained, and beheld her white scarf fluttering in the breeze. Leopold hastened to answer the signal; and with streaming eyes Ida yet remained at the turret, watching him in the far distance, and straining her gaze to the utmost, till the winding road screened Leopold and his party from her view. Deeper fell the evening shadows, and Ida, at length yielding to the entreaties of her maid, prepared to return to the castle, when a loud shriek burst from the lips of Bertha.

“Silly maiden,” murmured Ida, reproachfully, seizing the girl by the arm as she spoke, “why let your weak fears torment you thus?” And as she spoke, Ida grasped the taper which she had fortunately brought with her, lest she should feel inclined to prolong her stay until it was dark.

The lips and face of Bertha were, however, pale as death, and with one hand pointed to the other side of the turret, whilst with the other she grasped the dress of her mistress, she exclaimed, in a low whisper,

“See, madam, yonder is the figure which it is said constantly appears in the grey turret. This is All-Souls’ day; on this day that figure is always to be seen, and that is why the castle is said to be haunted.”

Ida was blessed with a naturally strong mind, devoid of the slightest tincture of superstition; she had ridiculed, on many occasions, the superstitious fears of the servants, who had constantly averred that the turret was inhabited by spirits of

another world, and that they were sure to be seen on this evening of All-Souls'; but we must own the truth, and declare that Ida's face assumed as ghastly a hue as that of her maid, as, looking in the direction pointed out by Bertha, she beheld the form of a female, clad in white, moving swiftly across the opposite side of the turret.

Nevertheless, the daring spirit of Ida did not forsake her; she was determined to prove whether the intruder were a being of this world or not, and she now, to the infinite horror of Bertha, sprang to the spot in question, but ere she reached it, it had vanished from her sight.

Somewhat unnerved by what she had witnessed, though still disbelieving in any supernatural appearance, Ida and her maid now hastily descended the staircase leading from the turret to the inhabited part of the castle, which we should have mentioned her father had inherited from his sister, and which was situated on the borders of one of the Bohemian forests; and the young Ida and her brother, in exploring through various parts of the gloomy edifice, with that love of adventure common to the young, had found, unknown to the Baron Von Arnheim, a mode of egress to the grey turret, of the existence of which he was not aware.

It were useless, Ida felt, to attempt concealment as to the appearance she had witnessed, for Bertha was so overcome by her terrors, that it was certain that on her meeting with her fellow-servants she would not fail to detail to them the cause of her fear, so she decided on immediately making known to her parents what she had witnessed. To her great surprise, however, the good baron manifested

no common vexation as Ida spoke of her visit, and, after somewhat sternly chiding her for yielding to such superstitious fears, he extorted from her a promise never again to venture beyond the inhabited precincts of the castle, adding that Ida must have allowed herself to be deluded by the weak fancies of the moment. Ida, however, was a girl of far too much penetration to be deceived by the show of sternness which her father assumed, nor did she fail to notice beneath the feigned indifference of her mother, a knowledge of the secret which she felt convinced both parents held in their possession.

It were impossible to imagine any three persons leading a more retired life than did the Baron Von Arnheim, and his wife and daughter. The baroness yet retained to their full extent, perhaps even more deeply than heretofore, the ardent and devout feelings by which she had been actuated in early youth, and Ida faithfully trod in the footsteps of her mother. Hitherto, this family, so devotedly attached to each other, had advanced thus far in life without experiencing any portion of what may be termed the troubles of this world, and the first the baroness had known since the days of her girlhood, or that Ida had ever felt, was when Leopold joined his regiment; little did they deem that this parting was but the forerunner of another, for, ere a fortnight had elapsed, the baron, who himself held a high post in the army, was also summoned to a distant part of the kingdom.

Her father and brother now absent, Ida again felt her passion for exploring the forbidden part of the castle return, and, forgetful of the

promise she had given, and her courage nothing daunted, as she ventured hither whilst the bright beams of the sun lighted up every gloomy recess, she once more proceeded alone to the grey turret. We do not mean to assert that the heart of the adventurous maiden did not beat a little quicker than was its wont, as she again reached the top of the circular stone staircase, and softly pushing back the heavy oaken door, looked timidly into the apartment to which it gave access ere she ventured to enter. Everything looked so bright and pleasant, that Ida's spirits revived; the birds which had built their nests in the ivy that had grown upon the castle walls sung merrily, as they hopped gaily across the casement windows of the turret, and the sun shone brightly, so that it seemed, as it were, to drive away the fears of Ida.

Her courage having revived, her curiosity and love of adventure was at the same time sharpened, and she now looked wistfully at a door which her brother and herself had often vainly endeavoured to open, but whose ponderous fastenings had hitherto resisted every effort. It now yielded to her touch, and admitted Ida to a small square room, lighted only by a window closely barred, and placed so high in the wall as not to admit of any view of the scenery without. Ida's curiosity yet ungratified, she now crossed the closet, for it scarcely deserved the name of an apartment, and opening another door, found, to her surprise, that it gave her admittance to a small but beautifully fitted up oratory. Nothing indeed was wanting; there was the altar, evidently raised for the celebration of the holy mysteries, on which stood a

crucifix of richly-chased silver, with candlesticks of the same, and above was an altar-piece, evidently the production of one of the first masters. In wondering astonishment, Ida still gazed around, and convinced that the turret was the habitation of none other than beings of flesh and blood like herself, determined, despite the authority of her father, not to leave it till she had penetrated through the mystery which seemed to be thrown around.

Leaving the oratory, then, the no longer timid Ida now pressed onwards, and opening another door, descended a flight of steps, which seemed as if they were hewn in the solid wall, and which gave egress to a large, and although of ancient date, as the cumbrous and massive nature of the carved oaken furniture testified, still comfortably fitted-up apartment. Ida yet stood, lost in amazement at what she witnessed, when a low moan burst upon her ear. It was evidently the wail of a person in extreme anguish which Ida heard ; her curiosity was now excited to the utmost, and raising a crimson cloth which hung along one end of the apartment, to her unfeigned astonishment, Ida now beheld her mother, supporting the prostrate form of a female, who appeared to be in the agonies of death.

A slight expression of displeasure seemed to cross the fine features of the baroness as Ida approached ; but it was quickly dispelled by the remembrance that the baron was not at that time in Bohemia, and the assistance which Ida was able to render was very acceptable to her mother, who having with her help laid the scarcely conscious form of the female on the couch, now

desired her to dispatch a servant to the neighbouring monastery of St. Walburga in search of spiritual aid; and then gave Ida a key which opened a door to which she pointed, and that, to the infinite surprise of the latter, admitted her to a winding passage, which led to a suite of rooms opening into those appropriated to the especial use of the baroness.

A short time only elapsed ere one of the monks arrived, a man long sunk into the vale of years, and esteemed as a saint amongst his brethren. Ida clearly saw that Father Stanislaus was better acquainted than herself with the secret passages by which she now wended her way to the grey turret, and she faltered as she gave him admittance to the room in which she had left her mother and the dying stranger.

"Gertrude Falkenberg!" exclaimed the monk, "prepare to receive the rites of the church, and depart in peace; firm in thy faith as a true Catholic, thou hast led the life of a holy penitent, now mayest thou hope to meet the reward."

The baroness and Ida then drew aside, the latter still in unfeigned astonishment at what she beheld; but as this was no time for inquiry Ida held her peace for the present.

On returning to the oratory, the dying woman had again relapsed into a state of insensibility, and some time passed ere returning consciousness enabled the monk to administer the last sacraments; and the baroness meanwhile occupied herself in silent prayer that the soul now about to depart might not be summoned home unstrengthened by the last rites of the church.

And the prayer of the pious Amelia was heard;

little by little consciousness returned, and the monk hastened to fulfil the duties of his mission. Ida knelt aside absorbed in prayer; it was the first time she had witnessed the departure of the soul from its earthly tenement, and she clung to her mother with superstitious fear, as she listened to that long, loud gasp, which precedes dissolution, and which once heard is never to be forgotten.

\* \* \* \*

"Now tell me, dearest mother," said Ida, a few days after the events we have mentioned had taken place, "now tell me the story of my unfortunate aunt, whose interment we have witnessed this morning. I am sure I deserve that my curiosity should be indulged, as I have foreborne to trouble you on the subject whilst you have been occupied with the directions respecting the funeral."

"Especially," replied the baroness, "as you so faithfully kept the promise you made to your father ere he departed hence. Nay," she added, with an arch smile, "I almost think I shall let your curiosity remain ungratified, keeping you still in ignorance of what you so much desire to know, in punishment for your having broken your faith. But, however, I was once curious as well as yourself," continued the baroness, remembering how vainly she had sought, in the early days of her youth, to penetrate into the secrets of her uncle, "so I will commence at once:—

"Gertrude Falkenberg was your father's eldest sister by a previous marriage. In youth she was considered extremely beautiful, and many were the suitors who desired the honour of her

hand. But Gertrude possessed few good qualities beyond an overweening love for her infant brother, which was considered the more extraordinary by those who knew her, as she was extremely vain and ambitious: and the world, so ill natured and prone to judge harshly of the doings of others, sometimes declared that this was all put on as a mere matter of speech; for that it was morally impossible that, with such a disposition, Gertrude could be fond of the child, who was born when she had herself attained the age of womanhood, and who had thus stepped in to dispossess her of the rights she had so long thought would be hers. The sequel of my story will prove how far this was correct.

"In the course of time, Gertrude, who was now, by the birth of this child, rendered comparatively penniless, ceased to receive further overtures of marriage; and as she had now passed the first bloom of youth, it was believed that she would devote herself to a single life. But this was not the case: Gertrude was a woman of deep feeling, and her feelings were not guided and restrained by religion; there was no bond of affection between herself and her father's wife; so that the world, as you will see, had not judged harshly in asserting that the affection she professed for the youthful heir was not true.

"Gertrude was about twenty-five years old when another suitor offered her his hand. But an old enmity had long subsisted between the houses of Von Arnheim and Falkenberg; and her father sternly forbade her nuptials with the son of his foe.

"But Gertrude's soul was not one calmly to



brook opposition, and she was united privately to the Baron. Short, however, were the days of wedded happiness which Gertrude was doomed to see. Her husband, who was advanced in life, was jealous and harsh in his disposition, and she soon sighed even for the peaceful retirement of her father's halls. The lapse of time only brought an increase of misery; and in a moment of bitter recrimination Gertrude flew from her persecutor to seek a refuge beneath the paternal roof. She was received with a warm welcome by the aged Baron; unfortunately, with coldness by his wife; and the aversion which each had some time felt, though they had striven to smother it in public, was now apparent to every one.

"Some months passed on, when, one unfortunate day, business called the Baron Von Arnheim far from his own residence; and in a mountainous tract near Bohemia he encountered the husband of his child. A few words of recrimination ensued. The bad passions of Falkenberg were excited by the calm, cool earnestness of the Baron, and in an evil moment he sprung upon the latter and inflicted a mortal wound upon him with a sword which he wore at his side.

"The Baron was unarmed and almost defenceless, but yet, almost with the vigour of youth, he fell upon his adversary, who, stepping quickly aside, lost his footing, and, his sword yet in his hand wet with the blood of his victim, fell down a yawning gulf which extended itself beneath.

"Vain were it to attempt to describe the grief of the unhappy Gertrude when her father, now dying of his severe wound, was brought to his home, and when the mangled remains of her

husband were discovered in the ravine into which he had fallen. The Baron Von Arnheim lingered but two days, and Gertrude became both an orphan and a widow.

"Bitter self-reproach now took possession of her soul; against her father's will she had become united to the direct enemy of his house, and that ill-starred union had caused the death of both. For some time the life of the widow was despaired of, and when she at length recovered, it was no more to return to the world, but to languish away in solitude the mere wreck of her former self; reason had tottered on its throne, the once fine intellect was in great measure gone, she considered herself, by one act of disobedience, as the cause of her father's death; and she has often averred to me, when stung by remorse, her grief at the remembrance of the hatred she had conceived against her infant brother Conrad, and which she concealed under a semblance of affection, whilst she ardently desired the death of the child, who had thus stepped as it were in her way. A strange idea now took possession of her soul, her single occupation was prayer for the souls of her husband and father, and she expended great part of the fortune which now reverted to her, in building and endowing a monastery, in which perpetual masses might be offered for the repose of their souls. This castle she now assigned to your father, only craving permission to retain, for her own exclusive use, the Grey Turret, with the proviso that her existence was to be kept a strict secret, and her spiritual wants be ministered to by one of the fathers of her own monastery of Saint Walburga's, and that she should also be allowed

to attend upon herself. It was not without much expostulation that your father and myself finally consented to yield to her entreaties; and thus it was that led to the belief of the peasantry that the turret was haunted, when after the lapse of years, and it having long been thought that Gertrude had sought a refuge in some distant convent, after disposing of her property in favour of her half-brother, and bequeathing the remainder to religious and charitable purposes, she was still occasionally seen in the turret.

"Amplly now did Gertrude atone for the errors of her youth," continued the Baroness; "and if a life of constant and almost uninterrupted prayer, the strictest seclusion, and the greatest self-denial, can expiate the crimes which were the cause of an act of disobedience, then Gertrude Falkenberg will not be exiled long from the abodes of eternal bliss."

"It was then my unhappy aunt, whose appearance terrified myself and Bertha so much, when a few weeks since we penetrated to the Grey Turret!" exclaimed Ida, "and her solitary residence there has of course inspired the superstitious inhabitants around with an idea that the castle, or at least that part of it, was haunted."

"Yes," replied the Baroness, "this was indeed the case; and now you have heard my tale, you will easily divine why your father so strenuously forbade your ever penetrating again to the turret; the sacred promise he had given to his sister sealed his lips, he dared not break it, and we feared the effect it might have upon her mind, were she aware that her retreat were made known, even to our own children."

The excitement consequent on the death of the unhappy sister of the Baron having passed away, the days wore on with little to break their usual monotony, till intelligence arrived of the death of the young Leopold, who, covered with glory, had fallen in the battle field. Convulsed with grief, the Baroness shut herself up, and deprived even of the society of her daughter, sought in solitude and prayer to seek relief where it may best be found. This, too, was the first sharp grief which Ida had ever known; she had loved her brother with a depth of affection not commonly felt, and the keenest sorrow held possession of her heart.

It were needless to say that the bereaved mother now felt every hour as if it were an age of misery. The fatal battle of Austerlitz had been fought, for our tale is laid in the year 1805, and the noblest blood in Austria was already shed; the son had fallen, why not the father, too? thought the unhappy mother, for his noble soul spurned danger, and Conrad will be in the thickest of the fight.

Nor were the fears of the baroness void of foundation. One week brought to her the account of the death of her son; the next was fraught with an accumulation to her woe. The famous battle of Austerlitz had made Amelia Von Arnheim a widow. Death had indeed made sad havoc in the halls of the baroness; a deep and settled dejection had fallen upon the bereaved wife and daughter; they left Falkenberg Castle for the patrimonial estate of her husband; this was abandoned for her own estate at Wurzburg, but nowhere could the now wretched Amelia find rest.

"Seek it in the harbour of religion," whispered a soft young voice in the ear of the disconsolate bereaved wife and mother. "Come, let us leave this world; we have wealth, which will make many hearts happy; let us, then, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and make of the mammon of iniquity a passport to the realms of eternal bliss." Reader, it was Ida Von Arnheim, the good and gentle Ida, who added the words, "Give me, sweet Lord, the veil of virgins, and the goods of this world will I freely give for the love of Thee!"

"Shame were it, that the worn and withered trunk should cling to earth," thought the widowed Amelia, "when the young green sapling resigns its hold." "Yes, sweet daughter, we will away," she said, mingling her tears with those of her child; "and this proud castle, the scene of many a bold baron's triumphs, shall now be turned into a peaceful convent, and you, sweet Ida, will be one of the purest of its votaries."

"Welcome to the harbour of religion, dearest daughter!" said an aged monk, now entering the apartment, his head silvered with the snows of eighty winters, his form bent beneath the hand of time. Reader, the monk who spoke was once the Baron Von Altenberg.

The famous battle of Austerlitz had been fought, many a hearth had been rendered desolate, many a heart had been well nigh broken by grief.

Spring, summer, and autumn have passed away, and the hand of winter is again on the scene, and ere they finally bid adieu to the world, the baroness and her daughter wish to pay one visit more to the Church of St. Walburgha.

All Souls' day approaches. Since the year set

in, three members of their household have been suddenly called away, and the words "*Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least, you my friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me,*" ring in the ears of the mother and daughter. The unhappy Gertrude had lived as a holy penitent, the baron had been a good husband and father, a kind and indulgent master, and a faithful and sincere friend, and Leopold was an innocent and pious youth; yet there were faults to expiate, for few are they who are so pure as to enjoy the beatific vision immediately after death, thought they, *for nothing defiled can ever enter heaven.* So on the day of All Souls, Ida and her mother entered the church of the monastery founded by the Baroness Falkenberg, and, falling prostrate before the altar which she had raised in penitence and piety, joined with the throng of devout worshippers, in offering fervent prayers for the souls of *all* the faithful departed, nothing doubting but that if those they prayed for were already enjoying supreme happiness, that their prayers would again reflect upon themselves.

And now the solemn *Dies Iræ* burst upon the ear, and, contemplating the mutability of all things here below, the Baroness and her daughter found a supreme satisfaction in the thought that they were about to abandon all for the love of Him who hereafter is to be the Judge of the living and the dead, and who holds in His hand the hearts of all men.

Early, then, in the following spring, the alterations in the castle at Wurtzberg were completed; it was opened as a convent, and its foundress, the pious Amelia Von Arnheim, was in due course of

time nominated its first abbess, the rule which herself and her daughter chose being that of the great St. Benedict.

Years rolled on; the abbess of the great Wurtzburg convent died in the odour of sanctity, and her daughter Ida, in religion sister Christina, was then chosen to fill her place, in which, considering herself as the least amongst her sisters, she so edified them by her humility and worth, as to be loved and venerated by the whole community, over whom she lived for many years to exercise the gentle sway of a meek and holy abbess.



THE CHILD OF MARY; OR, THE FEAST OF THE  
IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

LEAVE we our cold northern clime, and accompany us, gentle reader, to the sweet south, where faith shines forth in all its vigour, where loving hearts rejoice to think that another honour is bestowed on Mary, the ever-blessed one, the Spotless Maid of Nazareth, and amongst whom there is no scoffer to be found who would rob her of this, the brightest gem in her diadem.

Down in a sweet valley, a short distance from the smiling banks of the Garonne, might be seen some few years since, a somewhat elegant villa, the habitation of Madame St. Amand and her only daughter, Cecile. The former lady was the widow of one of the gallant officers who had fallen in the service of his country; and the pension which she received from the French government, added to a small life annuity, but both of which would, of course, expire at her death, formed the source whence Madame St. Amand derived her income. As this was well known to be the case, many well-judging persons, amongst whom was the Curé of the parish, blamed the false indulgence of the weak-minded mother, who, instead of accustoming Cecile to the reflection that ere long she must have to provide for herself, thought only of surrounding the young girl with the comforts which her little income enabled her



to place before her, without giving herself any anxiety for the future.

It could not, however, be wondered at that Cecile should not reflect; for youth is the season of thoughtlessness, and the light-hearted and at the same time accomplished girl, recked little the progress of time, for twenty years had now passed over her head.

It was in vain for friends to urge prudence, and to point out to Madame the necessity of placing the talents of her daughter to some account, or of adopting a more humble style of living, so as to enable her to leave a small sum, at least, for the possession of Cecile, should her own death take place; the mother was not to be convinced; she was in good health, she would invariably say, she was not yet fifty years of age, and that in a year or two she would reduce her expenses so as to leave something in the hands of Monsieur le Curé towards the support of her child.

Cecile was pretty, amiable, affectionate, and, though we put last what should have been first, pious and devout, singularly devout we may say to the Blessed Virgin. The eves of the festivals of our Lady the young Cecile kept as a fast, although the Church did not yet rank her, in consequence of her not having attained the age of twenty-one, amongst those who at the fasts which she ordains are bound to comply with her rules. The office of the Immaculate Conception, the Rosary, and other devotions, were daily said by this faithful child of Mary. And in contemplating the purity and prerogatives of this Holy Virgin, she frequently sighed for the day, which many pious French priests prophesied would shortly

arrive, when the pious belief prevailing for centuries in our Holy Mother's freedom from original sin should be defined as an article of faith. One so pious was sure to attract the notice and win the esteem of the white-headed Curé, whose hand had sprinkled the waters of baptism on the infant head of Cecile, who grew up the model of virtue to the young people in the parish. The faith of France, especially in the provinces, is bright and lively; men and women all over the world, who bear the name of Catholic, bow in submission to the teaching of the Church of Ages; they know not the absurd rule of private judgment, the offspring of pride; and from the deserts of Arabia to the North Pole, throughout the vast extent of Europe, the immense continent of America, Asia, and Africa combined, all who bear the name of Catholic—and where does the sun rise or set throughout the known world in which there are not, at least, some scattered children of the Church?—devoutly bow to the authority of that teaching which is not of man, but of God; for, ah! had she been of human institution, would she have triumphed over the penal enactments of England, and the persecution of tyrants in every age and in every clime, from the first dawning of the Christian era to the present time?

The Ecclesiastical year had just commenced, and the first Festival of the Blessed Virgin—that of the Immaculate Conception—was at hand. The Curé of Notre Dame de Grace always kept this festival with great solemnity, and Cecile's offering for the altar of Our Blessed Mother was composed of the choicest flowers, which, at no small cost and trouble, she had cherished during the last

few weeks of intense cold, for the winter had set in unusually severe.

Cecile was on this day extremely happy. She had received into her bosom the pledge of Our Lord's love and affection for His own, and had offered up her communion with a simple and pure intention that His Blessed Mother might receive due honour ere long, in those countries especially in which heresies and infidelity reign; and that she herself might more faithfully copy into her own life the virtues of this model whom God in His mercy hath given to woman.

Now Cecile St. Amand was not at all likely to forward the intentions of her more worldly-minded mother, who ardently desired that her really sweet face—for Cecile possessed that charm of woman far above regular beauty, namely, a soft and amiable expression; whilst eyes of the darkest grey, shaded by long silken lashes, and beaming with intelligence, would make those who looked on the face of Cecile overlook the lack of real beauty, to which she could not lay claim. The partial and fond mother felt all this; she knew that Cecile, too, had put to good profit the instruction she had received; that she was accomplished beyond the generality of her sex; and the coarse idea which had taken possession of her brain was, that, whether Providence ordained that it should be so or the wishes of her daughter led that way, that Cecile was inevitably to be married to some rich inhabitant of Gascony. This was an unfortunate notion to enter the head of the mother of such a girl as Cecile, especially as in everything she so faithfully took Our Blessed Lady for her example. She led a retired life, apart from the

company of others. Cecile loved solitude—her devotions, her books, her flowers—a lonely walk in some shady dell, or by the clear blue waters of the Garonne, when, early in the morning or at the close of eve, the busy hum of men was stilled, and no sound met the ear save the sighing of the breeze or the sweet warbling of the birds; these, and the duties of the Church—the early Mass, the quiet mid-day prayer before the altar of repose, where, in stillness and peace, the presence of the Lord of Glory is veiled under the Blessed Sacrament, and the evening benediction—formed the sole pleasure of Cecile St. Amand. Moreover, the Blessed Mary was a virgin, ever pure and undefiled before her God; no taint of earthly love ever separated the heart of this chosen one from her immortal Spouse; and Cecile had trodden in her footsteps, and had already vowed that sweet vow which renders man like to the angels—by which the heart, free from the trammels of earthly love, is kept unspotted for the King of Kings, enabling its possessor *to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth*. Thus, then, with such ideas as these reigning paramount in the breast of Cecile, it was not likely that Madame St. Amand would gain the summit of her ambition.

Two months elapsed, during which nothing occurred worthy of notice, when Madame was taken alarmingly ill. Alas! she had prided herself on the strength of her constitution, on her hitherto unbroken state of health, the quiet and even tenour of her life prolonging her days; but the awful fiat had gone forth, the spirit was about to be summoned hence, and that at a sudden call. Madame St. Amand was not found watching! Her

affairs were in disorder; there were papers to be examined, debts to be paid, a daughter to be provided for, and all this time the poor soul was trembling on the confines of eternity. Time and eternity! Ah! when time and its affairs are viewed by the lamp of eternity, how differently does the poor soul think of the things of time! Thus it was with Madame St. Amand, who was stricken with horror as again and again that violent pain seized on the heart, which her medical attendant assured her must end in speedy death.

The Curé de Mérode was summoned; the sands of life were nearly run out; and the terrified woman conjured him to tell her that she would not die so soon; and seizing the unhappy Cecile by the hand, exclaimed, in the frantic accents of despair,—

“Oh! beg of God to spare me, my child. I cannot die and leave you thus unprepared and unprovided for.”

“Be calm, my mother,” replied the unhappy girl; “Providence will not desert me. I shall find friends where I may least expect them. Pray, then, to God; and offend Him not through your love for me.”

But the love of life had taken deep root in the heart of the mother; and it was some hours ere the unhappy woman could be reconciled to the awful change so soon to take place.

Madame St. Amand expired before the close of that night; resignation finally took place of fear and rebellion to the will of God; her last action was to throw around the neck of her weeping daughter a rich golden medal, struck in

honour of the Immaculate Conception, and which she enjoined her ever to wear for her sake; her last words, a prayer for mercy and forgiveness.

The funeral took place the seventh day after the decease of Madame St. Amand, and then the furniture of the house was sold; and Cecile took up her abode at the house of a friend until she could obtain a situation as French governess in England, whither she was desirous of going. Nor did she long search in vain; but three months after the death of her mother beheld Cecil tear herself from Gascony, and—a portionless orphan as she was—emerge on the great sea of this wide world, in search of, not honours, wealth, and station, but a mere pittance wherewith to support her existence.

Cecile St. Amand, the engaging, noble-minded, pious Cecile, is a governess; a governess, too, in the house of a Protestant family, who, with a great show of affected liberality, promised her the free exercise of her religious duties, but failed not to utter speeches which often crimsoned with indignation the fair cheek of the Gascon maiden.

Why, it may be asked, did the pious Cecile reside with Protestants? were there none of the household of the faith who would engage her? We answer, yes. But Cecile now served that hardest of taskmasters, poverty; she could not wait, but must accept the first offer that presented itself.

She had lived in the family to which we allude for six months, when she was taken alarmingly ill, and whilst laying unconscious and senseless, the treasured medal, her mother's parting gift, was taken from her neck. Some time passed ere

she was aware of her loss; but when she partially recovered, her first request was for the missing medal.

"Really, Mademoiselle," replied the lady to whom poor Cecile addressed herself, "I cannot tell you anything concerning it; and most probably when you were so ill, and nurse disengaged it from your neck, she threw it aside, for you are well aware that she has no affection for what she terms popish trumpery."

Deeply grieved, more for the loss of the medal than the vulgar insolence to which she was subjected, Cecile buried her face in her pillow in an agony of tears. She was still very ill; no word of anger or impatience must escape her lips, for she was wholly dependent on the will of those around her for every comfort she received in the wretched state to which illness had reduced her.

As might be expected, the nurse disclaimed all knowledge of the lost medal, and Cecile strove to reconcile herself to the loss, resolving, however, to resign her situation on the first opportunity.

But the storm had now begun, and the once quiet house of the wealthy citizen, Mr. Hastings, became a scene for controversial discussion, or rather of low bigoted virulence, the unhappy Cecile being made to bear the weight of all. Useless were it to speak of the falsehood, the malignity of those around her; she could bear all for herself, the difficulty was to hear in silence all that she deemed most holy and sacred abused and vilified.

"Ah! can it be possible?" sighed Cecile to herself; "can it be possible that these wretched beings call themselves Christians, and seem to

think that they are perfectly fulfilling the law of Christ in casting obloquy and calumny on His own beloved Mother? Ah! how little do Protestants understand the love we feel for the Blessed Virgin when they falsely imagine that it takes from that supreme adoration which we owe, and which we also pay to our Eternal Father! But as soon may we attempt to stem the mountain torrent in its course, as convince such souls as these, who utter against the Blessed Virgin that which it chills one with horror to listen to.

Looking but the shadow of her former self, Cecile at length rose from her sick bed, and being now suffered to break through the quiet in which the medical attendant had strictly enjoined her to keep, her two pupils were allowed to con over with her their French and Italian lessons, for the ensuing day. The younger had left the room, when Laura, a beautiful girl of fourteen years old, threw her arms around the neck of Cecile, exclaiming,—

“Dear Mademoiselle, I have got your locket; I stole it out of nurse’s drawer,” she added, at the same time throwing the ribbon which held it over the neck of Cecile; “I heard her say that it was she who took it, and that she should sell the popish bauble, which she was determined you should never have again.”

Cecile smiled amid her tears, which were really tears of joy, and replied, affectionately kissing the little girl as she spoke,—

“But see, dearest Laura, it was not well of you to open the drawers of another person, even to restore me my lost medal,” replied Cecile. “Nurse will be sure to find out that some one



has been there; and it will then be laid to one of her fellow-servants."

"No, it will not," replied the child boldly. "I shall go and tell mamma at once that I went and got it for you, dear Mademoiselle, to whom it rightly belongs, and I do not care for what any of them say to me about it."

Poor Cecile was sadly afraid of encountering what may be termed a scene, and was agreeably surprised when the affair passed off with only a remark as to the impropriety of any one wearing such popish trumpery upon their persons.

Cecile now felt it impossible to tarry longer in her present abode; but even had she desired it, her wishes would not have been granted, as Mr. and Mrs. Hastings implied a wish that she would seek a situation elsewhere. The whole world then was now before her; where should she go? what should she do? were questions she vainly endeavoured to solve. Week after week expired and failed to bring her employment.

Oh! what can equal the anxiety, the anguish of such a life of disappointment and care, as now fell to the lot of Cecile? A desolate orphan uncared for, and alone in this huge metropolis, what sad hours did she now pass! Health was waning fast away, the fresh hue of her cheeks had faded, and few who once knew her could recognize the once happy Gascon maiden in the now pallid and careworn Cecile.

Winter had set in with unusual severity, Cecile's last shilling was spent, the greater part expended in useless endeavours to obtain employment. Advertisements, circulars, and cards, all had been tried to no purpose, when, as a last resource,

she had recourse to that most wretched of all expedients—the needle.

Many little elegant articles did the fingers of poor Cecile now produce, some of which she disposed of at the shops, and others to ladies, whom she had met during her residence at Mrs. Hastings's. Alas! how inadequately were they paid for, how little recked the proud beauty of the hours of toil and pain it had cost those weary fingers to execute that which was so poorly paid for!

Pleasing, too, was it to note, though Cecile was now visited by the extreme of poverty, the neatness and care with which her one small room was adorned. The soul of Cecile was all poetry, and this beautiful sentiment would peep forth even amidst all her sharp distress. Were it but a small bouquet, she must purchase it, and as she contemplated the scanty quantity of flowers which her poverty allowed her to procure, a tear would sometimes steal down her face as she looked upon it, and thought of the bright fields and fresh flowers of her native land, and the soul of the young girl would grow sad at the contrast which now presented itself.

Slowly, very slowly, now wore away the long months of winter, when early one morning, as the fingers of Cecile were indefatigably plying her usual weary task, the loud knock of the postman caused her heart to beat with unusual quickness.

"Alas! what folly is this?" she said to herself; "long since have I ceased to hope and fear, what have *I* to expect?" and again her fingers mechanically pursued their task, when a low tap was heard at her chamber-door, and a note was placed into the hands of Cecile.

We could not describe, if we would, the nervous eagerness with which she finally opened it, after a moment's pause of doubt and hesitation, during which, pale and trembling, she had examined the seal, and her heart beating between hope and fear, at length perused the note.

The missive so important to Cecile St. Amand—for in good truth an engagement at this moment snatched her from the jaws of starvation—was an answer to an advertisement which our heroine had put in the newspaper some six months previous, and she was now requested, if still disengaged, to call, as soon as possible, at the residence of Lady Wentworth, which was situated in one of the most fashionable squares at the West End.

Tears of gratitude now coursed each other down the pale face of Cecile; what comfort had not that little billet brought to the desolate heart of the orphan! How many weary days had she passed, vainly listening for that loud knock which makes so many hearts beat! Ah! fain could we tell of the anxious hours, bringing with them almost positive torture, which we feel when we are thus anxiously watching. Ah! it is a supreme horror to count the weary hours as they seem to creep slowly on, and be compelled quietly to await the coming of that missive, which may, perchance, render us comparatively happy, or crush us to the very earth should it prove unfavourable; or, again, whose good tidings may prove unavailing to us by the long delay which takes place ere they arrive.

But return we from our digression. Tears of gratitude and joy, as we have already said, were shed by Cecile, as she perused those few lines;

but now a painful question was to be considered, and as her eyes fell on her worn and faded black dress, she involuntarily asked herself how she could appear before the aristocratic writer of the note in such a garb as that which she now wore. Yet there was no alternative; poor Cecile possessed not at that moment a shilling in the whole world, even had she the necessary time to make the desired change.

Making the most, then, of her scanty wardrobe, Cecile now departed on her journey, and reached at length the residence of Lady Wentworth. It were false to say that the noble-minded girl experienced no pain, on observing the porter's glance fall hastily upon her dress, as he admitted her, and the look of doubt and hesitation which crossed the face of the man as she placed a card in his hand, and said that Lady Wentworth had that morning written to her, making an appointment to see her at that hour.

A few moments only had elapsed after the departure of the servant to whom the card had been delivered, ere the blushing Cecile was ushered into the presence of Lady Wentworth. Unused to the society of persons above her own rank in life, Cecile, judging merely by the *hauteur* with which she had been treated by Mrs. Hastings and her friends, and failing to remember that the really high in position are always studiously polite, dreaded the meeting with Lady Wentworth. How agreeably surprised, then, was she to see herself received with the greatest kindness by her ladyship, who had the happy tact of inspiring all who approached her with confidence and esteem, for her own disposition was amiable in the extreme.

Tears of joy sprang to the eyes of Cecile, as her ladyship, after sympathizing with her on the desolate situation in which she had been placed, now offered her a liberal salary, for which Cecile was to attend three hours a day, in order to give instructions to Miss Wentworth in those accomplishments in which she excelled; and grateful, indeed, did she feel, as her ladyship, whose kind heart had been won by the unaffected simplicity of Cecile, whose well-worn and faded attire had not escaped her notice, now pressed into her hand a five-pound note, with the remark, that afflicted as she had been, there might be much want of a little money, which she was not to consider herself under any obligation at receiving, as it was merely a trifling advance off her salary.

We need scarcely say that Lady Wentworth and our heroine parted mutually satisfied with each other. The former was slightly known to the Curé de Merode, to whom she now applied, and what she heard respecting Cecile only tended to increase her desire to befriend the much-tried and desolate girl.

Happier than she had been since she left France did Cecile now feel; and she now spent the intervening time between the interview with her ladyship and the day appointed for her first lesson, in preparing numerous little requisites necessary ere she entered on her engagement.

It was a real pleasure to the good Lady Wentworth to note the difference in Cecile on this her second interview. Her dress, simple and neat in the extreme, and composed of an unexpensive material, was yet graceful and becoming; and

the unaffected simplicity of the young girl—the *naïveté* with which she replied to the remarks of Lady Wentworth and her daughter Louisa, insensibly won for her their attachment and confidence. Nor was the temper of Cecile tried by perverse conduct on the part of her pupil, for the latter, having been brought up under the eye of a virtuous and intelligent mother, and herself endowed with a good and affectionate heart, proved docile to the instructions of Cecile, and spared her those nameless pangs often inflicted on the sensitive and high-minded female who is compelled to follow the occupation of a governess.

Several months now wore on. The fresh hue of health again bloomed on her cheek, and the old smile which beamed on her countenance in the sunny days of early youth was again there. Moreover, she had exchanged her little dreary back room for two comfortable apartments, and old times came again before her, and gratitude filled her heart as she gazed around her neat parlour, its windows full of flowers, and shaded by curtains of white muslin, and thought of the scene of poverty she had escaped and the comparatively happy life which was now hers.

On one pleasant spring day, when all nature, even in the busy metropolis, seemed so bright and joyous as to mock at human misery,—for the birds chirped gaily as they warbled in the trees which grew on either side the square through which Cecile wended her way on her return home, and the sun shone so brightly that she fancied herself again in Gascony,—when her attention was suddenly arrested by a crowd of persons standing before the

door of a house in which a public sale was going on. Cecile started as she raised her eyes, for it was the residence of Mr. Hastings.

For one moment she paused. Was it possible, thought she, that the family whom she had known in such opulent circumstances, and full of arrogance at their worldly wealth, were thus fearfully reduced? No word of commiseration fell upon her astonished ears as she heard the circumstances of the family freely descanted upon, and their name rudely bandied about by the brutal mob; and a tear of pity fell from the eyes of Cecile as she felt convinced, from what she heard, that the ruin of the family had been complete; and she now pictured to herself her favourite Laura driven hither and thither, a prey to the world's indifference, after having been nurtured in luxury and care.

Vain, too, were the efforts afterwards made by Cecile to trace the unfortunate family. She wished to ascertain whither they had gone, not out of a desire to gratify any officious feeling or impertinent curiosity, but her noble soul had conceived a magnanimous desire;—it was to devote a few hours each day to the cultivation of Laura's mind, after her duties were over at Lady Wentworth's.

But all her attempts proved ineffectual. She had applied in one or two quarters in which she was aware that Mr. and Mrs. Hastings had been looked upon as intimate friends; but by those to whom she now addressed herself she was answered that Mr. Hastings, having been guilty of an extensive forgery, had managed to escape to America, and that the wife and children remained, it

was thought, in London, plunged in the most abject distress, and were dependant for the necessities of life on the precarious charity of a friend, who, unlike those to whom she spoke, had not visited on the heads of the wife and children the crimes of the husband and father.

Months then passed on, the now even tenor of Cecile's quiet life unbroken by anything calculated to annoy or distress her, the young Frenchwoman living in the heart of the gay metropolis as retired a life as that of the veriest recluse in her cloistered cell, for her duties over, she returned to her own home, and spent the remainder of the day between the duties of religion, her books, music, and the pencil; and if there was one thing wanting to complete her happiness, and render it as great as we can hope to enjoy on this side the grave, it would have been a visit to her own beloved province of Gascony.

Winter had again set in. Lady Wentworth had insisted upon Cecile absenting herself for one month from her pupil, and she strolled down Regent Street to make a few little purchases; it was the morning of Christmas eve, every one appeared busy, every face seemed cheerful, and the weather being bright, clear, and frosty, the streets were thronged with people. For a moment Cecile paused before one of the large and handsomely fitted-up shawl and mantle warehouses, abounding in that locality. She had the instant before felt a supreme disgust on beholding a lady descend from the steps of a carriage enveloped in a superb velvet mantle, almost covered with the richest sable, whilst on the seat of the carriage lay, on a warm cushion, one of those ugly things,



a poodle dog, which some of the fair sex seem, by the care they lavish on them, to think exceedingly beautiful. There is certainly no accounting for tastes, but the heart of Cecile throbbed with indignation as she beheld the rich dame draw around her her rich dress, as though she apprehended contamination from the touch of a poor child, who implored her, for God's sake, to bestow an alms upon her, which the lady sharply refused, whilst, following up the example of his mistress, the pampered footman pushed her roughly aside, so that the hapless girl had fallen but for the supporting arm of the gentle Cecile, who had beheld the scene, and now darted forth to extend, as far as her poor means would allow, that help which the rich lady had so sharply refused, and who, pressing a piece of silver into the hand of the weeping girl, sent her away with a smile, happy for a moment in the thought that for this day at least, as well as the following, she should know the comfort of a meal.

Her heart touched at the sight of the girl's gratitude to herself, Cecile had turned to the shop we have mentioned to brush away the tear which stood in her eye, whilst she tasted the supreme delight of doing good, when the words fell upon her ear, uttered, in a low voice,—

"Ah, Elizabeth, look at those warm mantles, and we are so cold, these summer capes are so thin, and however severe the weather, of course, when we want common necessities, we cannot afford to purchase clothing."

These words were uttered in a low and mournful voice, yet there was something in its tones which reminded Cecile of other days, and turning

hastily around, she beheld a young and fair, but very pale face, lighted up by large melancholy black eyes, now gazing wistfully upon the warm and expensive mantles of which she had been speaking.

"Is it possible time and sorrow can have worked such a change in one so young?" thought Cecile, and the next moment the hand of our heroine was laid on the shoulder of the young girl, and she exclaimed—

"Laura, dear Laura, how glad I am to meet you once again."

A look of astonishment, mingled with a momentary confusion, marked the countenance of Laura, which was, however, dispelled in an instant, and replaced by an expression of delight, as she replied, clasping the hand of Cecile within her own,—

"Oh! dear Mademoiselle, what pleasure it gives me again to see you; but we are so poor now, yet, if you will not mind seeing us in all our wretchedness, mamma will be but too glad to receive you."

"Willingly, dear Laura," replied Cecile, who, on understanding that their residence was in one of the poorest parts of Chelsea, obtained the desired address from Laura, and, sending an affectionate message to her mother, bade herself and her sister farewell, with a promise to pay her first visit that afternoon.

With a heart full almost to bursting, Cecile now returned home; the pale, melancholy face of Laura, and the pensive, sad expression even on the countenance of the little Elizabeth, was never absent from her mind's eye. Cecile's wants were

very few, her salary as finishing governess to Miss Wentworth liberal, and thus she always had something to spare in assisting her more needy neighbour, and she now turned into a shop, and purchased two warm plaid shawls for her former pupils. The delicate mind of Cecile shrank, however, from conferring a pecuniary favour, however slight, on the children of Mrs. Hastings, for she rightly judged, when she considered that the persons who are overbearing and proud on the score of their wealth in the days of prosperity, are those who feel galled and humbled in the hour of adversity at receiving assistance from others. Thus, then, Cecile rightly conjectured that it were wiser to defer taking her present till she had first seen Mrs. Hastings, and a few hours more then beheld her with a quick pace threading the streets which led to the house in which Mrs. Hastings and her two children dwelt. Much shocked, too, was Cecile, as she entered the apartment, which was the only one the once rich Mrs. Hastings now possessed.

The formerly brilliant woman of fashion was now sickly, wasted, and haggard; her apartment, destitute of every comfort, lacked all that was necessary for an invalid: such was the unhappy Mrs. Hastings, who Cecile now learned had become a widow some months since. A bed stood at one corner of the apartment, whilst a few chairs and one small round table completed the furniture of which the room could boast. A few dull embers still burned in the grate, and with her frame shaken by a severe cough, Mrs. Hastings yet sat beside them, rocking herself to and fro, when Cecile entered. The traces

of tears yet remained on her cheeks ; she had shed them when her daughters had informed her of Cecile's intended visit ; nay, moreover, those tears had been accompanied by angry words to her innocent daughters for their being the cause of the visit of Mademoiselle St. Amand, who was now about to witness her misery. Seated by the table were the two young girls, busily engaged in making crochet sleeves, for which they were employed by some of the large shopkeepers at the West end of the town, and for which, it is needless to say, they were most inadequately paid ; and Laura, rising from her seat, flung her arms around Cecile's neck, as she advanced.

A burst of tears was for a few moments the sole reply of Mrs. Hastings ; she wept for her own sorrows, but still more bitterly did she weep at the thought that Cecile, whose life, whilst residing under her roof, had been rendered by herself anything but a happy one, should see her in such extreme poverty. With the tact, however, of a delicate and sensitive woman, Cecile endeavoured to soothe her, and, taking a seat beside her, spoke of her regret at hearing of the change in her circumstances ; and then, in terms such as could inflict no wound on the pride of her former employer, asked if she would allow her to finish the education of her favourite Laura, as she might then in a short time be enabled effectually to assist herself, and also be of material help to her mother and sister.

For one moment Mrs. Hastings made no reply, and the timid Cecile was fearful as to the spirit in which her kind offer had been taken ; but now a glad smile overspread the countenance of the

unhappy woman,—her silence had been the silence of surprise, of utter astonishment, at the offer of Cecile, and clasping her hand within her own, she exclaimed—

“ Dear Mademoiselle,—I cannot enough express to you the gratitude I feel at such an offer; my poor Laura will then be able to rise a little above this severe distress; and as she is now of an age, and will soon be qualified to impart instruction to others, Elizabeth can receive again from her the lessons which she will herself have from you. As for myself, I have long ceased to hope; the grave will speedily put an end to troubles which cannot be remedied here, nor do I wish to live to be a burden on the exertions of two feeble girls.”

“ Do not speak thus, dear mamma,” interposed the affectionate Laura, drying away the tears which now fell anew from the eyes of her mother; “ both Elizabeth and I will feel it, not only a duty, but a sweet pleasure, to aid in comforting the declining days of a beloved mother.”

It was finally settled, then, that Laura should go each morning, in the absence of Cecile, to her apartments, when she might have the use of Cecile’s piano and books, and that on the arrival home of the latter, she was to receive two hours’ instruction; and promising to pay another visit early in the following week, Cecile now took her leave.

“ But to-morrow is Christmas day,” thought our heroine, as she descended the staircase. “ Alas! it may probably be that these poor things have not wherewith to purchase food or firing for the morrow.” Quick as thought, she drew out her purse, and taking out half a sovereign, now turned

to bid Laura farewell, who had followed her to the door.

"Answer me candidly, dear Laura," said Cecile, affectionately kissing her; "have you the means of purchasing necessary comforts for to-morrow?"

Laura's face now wore a deep blush as she replied—

"Dear Mademoiselle, we have nothing in the house but half-a-crown, which Elizabeth and I obtained for the work we have taken home."

"Then accept this, dear Laura, as a little present for yourself, and say a prayer for Cecile St. Amand," replied our heroine, who, having pressed the coin into the hand of the young girl, stayed not to receive her thanks.

Reader, Cecile was supremely happy; she had taken an hour's walk to the residence of Mrs. Hastings, and she purposed walking home to save one shilling for coach hire; our poor young governess had that morning expended nearly two pounds in deeds of charity; it was as much as fifty would have been to the rich lady who had so harshly refused a small alms to the poor girl in Regent-street. But, let us pause; we must correct ourselves. Perhaps we have said that which is not perfectly true; for the rich lady, if she is extravagant and dissipated, may have less at her command than the poor governess, who, living beneath her humble means, and depriving herself of a little comfort she might otherwise have, can thus afford to assist her fellow-creatures; and we need scarcely say that Christmas-day was a happy one to Cecile.

Early on the morning of the day that succeeded the feast, Laura came, agreeably to her appointment, to Cecile's apartments, and, upon the arrival

of the latter, received her first lessons ; and with much joy, and many expressions of gratitude, took home with her the comfortable shawls which Cecile had purchased for herself and her sister.

Nothing wearied by the generous task she had undertaken, our heroine continued to apply herself every day to this work of mercy, and viewed with delight the rapid progress made by the intelligent Laura in various accomplishments, as well as more solid studies, by which she sought to cultivate her mind ; for Cecile herself, as well informed as she was accomplished, sought to render Laura a highly-educated woman, aware that mere showy accomplishment is worth nothing, unless accompanied by sound knowledge.

Many, too, were the visits which she now paid to the fast-sinking Mrs. Hastings, whose gratitude was unbounded to Cecile, for the kind attentions she showered upon her family. On one of these occasions, she found her in tears ; and on pressing Laura to tell her the cause, was informed that their landlady had become pressing for the rent of the one poor room they used, and that her mother had no means of paying her, save by parting with a small gold locket, containing a miniature of her deceased father, and which, amidst all her trials, Mrs. Hastings had hitherto managed to keep, but which she now felt it necessary to sacrifice.

" But you need not sell it, dear Mrs. Hastings," said Cecile, endeavouring to soothe her ; " there are places, of whose existence you must be aware, in which you may deposit this trinket which you so much value, and may then redeem it, should fortune befriend you, long before the expiration of a year. Will not this be far better than selling it ?"

"It would," replied Mrs. Hastings; "but I am myself ill, and a young girl, like Laura, cannot safely be sent to such a place, but she might go to a jeweller's. So, you see, I have no resource."

"Yes you have," answered Cecile, immediately rising, and fastening on her mantle as she spoke; "I will myself take it to a place not very far from hence."

Now, to own the truth, Mrs. Hastings deeply felt such an act of kindness on the part of Cecile, and if the latter had not had the locket in her own possession, she would by no means have allowed her to leave the house on such an errand. But Cecile was one of those amiable beings, who never are happier than when they are assisting others; thus it did not cost her much to overcome the repugnance she naturally felt to executing such an office, but, taking no denial, she sallied forth on a fresh errand of mercy.

With a quick step, then, she wended her way to a shop which she had frequently observed when journeying to the abode of Mrs. Hastings, and she failed not, on arriving near the spot in question, to look anxiously around, lest any person to whom she might be known should chance to see her. A young woman, a perfect lady in appearance, was walking with a hasty step beside Cecile; she wore a thick veil, and the agitation which marked her movements attracted the attention of our heroine, who guessed that the stranger's errand was the same as her own.

With a throbbing heart poor Cecile now pushed open the door, followed by the lady of whom we have been speaking, who now placed upon the counter a richly-chased silver teapot, which she



had kept concealed beneath the folds of her mantle. Poor Cecile, amidst all her poverty, she had not yet done for herself what she was now doing for another, and her face was as violently flushed as that of the stranger, as the conversation fell upon her ears which was carried on by two wretched women, of the lower class, who could not see Cecile and the strange lady, in consequence of their being at another part of the shop, although they beheld the rich piece of plate, and the glittering trinket, which herself and the stranger had submitted to the inspection of the pawnbroker.

"Alas, what a thing is poor humanity!" sighed Cecile to herself; "these unhappy women, who are buried in the depths of poverty, are really rejoicing in the thought, that those of a class above them are obliged to come here as well as themselves;" for one of the speakers now exclaimed—

"Well, there's one thing as I always thinks of, and that's as how fine people, as keeps their carriage, is obliged to come here too."

"Ah, yes!" sighed her companion, "it is a gratification;" at the same time placing a parcel on the counter, comprising sundry articles of children's clothing, which the pawnbroker protested he had hoped never would be brought to him again.

Sickening at the scene she witnessed—for at the coarse speech she had heard, Cecile saw the stranger turn pale, and heard her reply with nervous eagerness to the questions of the pawnbroker,—our heroine gladly accepted the offer of a sovereign for the locket, and hastened from the shop, feeling disturbed, and not a little mortified, at this her first attempt at raising money in such a way. She

felt no less for the stranger, for she had seen a tear fall from her eye as she accepted a sum far below what she had asked; and Cecile could not avoid, every now and then, as she returned to Mrs. Hastings' residence, occasionally looking to the opposite side of the road, for she was certain that that graceful carriage, that dignified demeanour, belonged to none other than a lady, both by birth and education. She was yet looking in the same direction, when, to her great alarm, she beheld the lady in question stagger and fall senseless on the ground. The next moment Cecile was by her side, and supported her unconscious burthen, with the assistance of a woman who was passing, into a surgeon's hard by, where, after a short time spent in the use of a few simple restoratives, she was restored to consciousness.

The stranger blushed deeply on recognising Cecile, but instantly regaining her self-possession, gave the required address to the surgeon, who declared her too ill to go home alone, as she was suffering from an affection of the brain, and with gratitude she accepted Cecile's offer to accompany her. The cab stopped before the door of a handsome house in Sloane-street, and with some reluctance she accepted the invitation of the stranger to enter.

"Can money be wanting here?" thought Cecile, who was shown into a handsome drawing-room, really elegantly furnished, whilst a gentleman, far advanced in years, and apparently in invalid health, strove to rise from the couch on which he had been reclining.

"My dear Eleanor," he exclaimed, "what is the matter? This young lady has accompanied you

home, and you are very ill; tell me the worst at once."

"She has done me an act of charity," dear father," replied the still trembling Eleanor; "and as we are partners in affliction—for our errands have been to the same place,—I was sure you would receive her with double pleasure."

Cecile's acute feelings led her to doubt whether the old gentleman quite approved of the steps his humble-minded daughter had taken, for she observed the colour rush for a moment to his cheek; but the next instant he replied—

"Trouble, young lady, leads one to do painful things sometimes. The bank in which my property is vested, has lately broken, thus almost everything is wrested from us; but still, whilst we have one article left on which we can raise money, do you not think it a more honourable plan than to borrow of our friends? Aye," he added, "and a less painful one, too; for after all we escape the galling speech which often accompanies the loan, even if we are so fortunate as to obtain it."

Cecile assented to so true a remark, and in her simplicity wondered why Mr. Sidney and his daughter should still keep on such an establishment, when their affairs were in so bad a state. Poor girl, she did not remember that great expenses cannot be curtailed in a few weeks, but that it is rather the work of many months.

Remembering the suspense Mrs. Hastings must now be enduring, Cecile now bade her new acquaintances farewell, after promising to call again on the morrow, and returned to her friends.

The pittance which she took them silenced their harsh creditor, but they had nothing now left to

look to as a means of subsistence; and as Cecile gazed on the wasted form and pale face of Mrs. Hastings, she could not help thinking it a fortunate thing that her days were numbered.

A great alteration had taken place in the mind of the once gay and fashionable woman. Cecile had shown the purity of her faith in the beauty of her own life; and as Mrs. Hastings now stood on the verge of eternity, she resolved on making her peace with her Creator, ere it was too late.

"Teach me that sweet prayer, dear Cecile," said the dying woman, one bright summer evening, "teach me that prayer which I once ridiculed," forgetting that the first portion appears in the pages of Holy Writ; "I mean the 'Hail, Mary!'"

Devoutly did the lips of Cecile now repeat the prayer to that Blessed One, whose name she had never ceased to invoke from infancy upwards in the hour of distress and of trial, and when she had conned it over and over many times, the sufferer looked up, and the heart of the devout child of Mary beat with joy, as she murmured—

"I wish to die, Cecile, beneath the protection of that Holy One, for where the Mother is, there truly shall I find the Son."

"Jesus and Mary," whispered Cecile to herself that night, as she hastened to crave the aid of her own confessor, by the bedside of the dying; "Jesus and Mary, who shall part thee, who shall fear to meet the Lord of Glory, if he goes forth a faithful child of His Holy Mother? Ah! Mary," she added, looking into the clear blue heavens, "with all but adoring love do I think of thee, trusting to meet thee with thy Son in yon bright

heavens, where thou, the Queen of Virgins, reignest for evermore."

And Cecile's prayers for her friend were heard; that night a soul, weary of the cares of earth, a soul to whom adversity had been necessary to call it to its God, was borne from this world; its last thought was of Jesus, its last word was the sacred name of Mary, the Maid of Nazareth.

\* \* \* \* \*

"And what will become of these two helpless girls?" said Cecile, to the aged Mr. Sidney, who yet lived in the large house in Sloane-street, for he found, on examining his affairs, that he had lost but a small portion of his property; and as his creditors respected him as a man of probity and worth, he was allowed full time to pay his debts. "What shall I do," she added, "with my poor Laura, whom I so dearly love? what with the little Elizabeth, who is so young, that she cannot hope to maintain herself yet, and several months have already passed since their mother's death."

"Fear not, dear Cecile," said the soft voice of her friend, Eleanor Sidney, "my father's affairs are better than they were, and I have a small property of my own, so Elizabeth shall live with me, and perhaps this good Lady Wentworth, whom you say intends to reside in the south of France, on the approaching marriage of her young daughter, will not object to Laura accompanying you thither; and remember, Cecile," she continued, "Laura is so well educated, that as an English lady, she is sure soon to obtain employment on the Continent."

Eleanor and her father had noticed, when Cecile entered the house that night, to tell her new friends of Lady Wentworth's intention to reside henceforth in Gascony, and her wish that she should reside with her, as friend and companion, that there was an expression of sadness on her countenance; they easily defined the cause, it was the thought of the helpless orphan girls, whose relations had almost entirely cast them off, who had resided with Cecile since the death of their mother: this it was which damped the joy she would otherwise have felt at returning to her own Gascony. Her delight, then, may readily be conceived, as Eleanor told her that on the following day she was to bring her young friend to their own house.

"And remember, Mademoiselle," exclaimed the old gentleman, who was good-hearted, cheerful, and, at the same time, a really religious man, "remember, when you are far away from us in that native land of yours, to which you cling with so much affection, that you never forget to pray for your new friends here in London. My good daughter, Eleanor," added the old gentleman, caressingly laying his hand on the golden tresses of his child as he spoke, "will not soon forget Cecile St. Amand, with whom her first acquaintance commenced in so painful a manner; and, old as I am, Cecile, I have sufficient sentiment left to feel a true sorrow at seeing you leave England, perhaps for ever."

Cecile had known her new friends scarcely two years, but she left them with real regret, having first confided Elizabeth Hastings to the care of

the gentle Eleanor, who failed not to carry out to the smallest point the weighty obligation she had imposed upon herself, and who had the happiness of seeing her youthful charge amply repay her for the care she had bestowed upon her, by the love and gratitude which she evinced towards herself.

And Laura, the good and intelligent Laura, obtained, through the kind intercession of Cecile with Lady Wentworth, the permission she so earnestly desired to accompany her friend to France, in which country, after a short time spent in making inquiries, she obtained a situation as governess to the daughter of one of the French nobility.

"I am again in my own sweet Gascony, then," exclaimed Cecile, when she awoke the first morning after her return to her native province, and, approaching to the window, she drew aside the curtains, and gazed with delight on the scene around. "Yonder," she said to herself, "is the church of Notre Dame de Grace; there is the cottage in the valley, in which I spent so many happy years; yonder, too, the grave of my mother, and all that has passed since I left seems but as a painful dream."

Was she not supremely happy? Yes.

This, then, was the summit of earthly happiness for Cecile St. Amand. Again did she pour forth her prayers in the loved church of Notre Dame de Grace, and listen to the words which fell from the lips of the Curé de Mérode.

Ah! there was another happiness too which was Cecile's, and this was when she knelt the next year in the church on the Feast of the Immaculate

Conception of the Blessed Mary in her own Gascony, warm hearts and fervent ones were there, who refused not to Mary, the ever Blessed One, the homage which was her due. And as years passed on till they neared our own time, and as Cecile heard that this sweet belief in the original purity of the Blessed Virgin was about to be proclaimed, and received as an article of Catholic faith, the devout maiden rejoiced at the thought that another gem was to be added to the Blessed Mary's crown.

Sweet and fair is the face of earth. How lovely, then, surpassing far earth's choicest gifts, are the matchless gifts of grace! These the Blessed Virgin never trifled with; but husbanding them with care—receiving them as precious deposits from the Creator's beneficent hand—flung not them carelessly away, as we too often do.

Fresh as the dew which falls upon the earth—spotless as the snow that descends from heaven—was the soul of Blessed Mary as it came forth from the hands of her Creator; the masterpiece was she of heaven's works. The God-made Man could not spring from a polluted source. Thus was she free from original sin by a special privilege of heaven. None corresponded so carefully with the treasures of grace as did Mary. Pure and spotless she came forth to adorn the world, and so pure and spotless did she render her happy soul again to the hands of her Creator. Mary, born without original sin, happy are thy faithful children that, in the face of a world divided by error and torn by heresies, it is given them to prove their love to thee, their faith in



thee, their confidence in thy intercession, and their unity and firm adherence to the Church of All Ages—to whom the Redeemer hath said : *He that heareth you, heareth Me : and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me.*

THE END.



**MR. T. JONES'S**  
**NEW PUBLICATIONS.**

---

Price 2s., neatly bound in cloth,  
**CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOUTH,**  
With Edifying Examples, drawn from Holy Scripture, Lives of  
the Saints, and other Authentic Sources. Dedicated to the  
Nuns of the Convent of Mercy, Dockhead.

---

Price 1s.,  
**AN EXPLANATION**  
Of the Construction, Furniture, and Ornaments of a CATHOLIC  
CHURCH; of the Vestments of the Clergy, and the Nature and  
Ceremonies of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.  
By the late Dr. ENGLAND, Bishop of Charleston.

---

Prior Park edition, 2s. 6d.,  
**ANIMA DEVOTA; OR, DEVOUT SOUL.**

---

In the Press, and will shortly be ready,  
**THE FOREST BEACON.**  
An Historical Tale of the Days of Henry IV.  
By Miss E. M. STEWART,  
Authoress of the London City Tales, Lord Dacre  
of Gilsland, &c., &c.

---

Just published, in cloth gilt, price 2s.  
**THE JUVENILE ANNUAL;**  
Or, Short Tales for Little Children,  
By CHRISTOPHER VON SCHMID, Canon of Augsburg.

---

In cloth 18mo., gilt, 4 vols., price 6s.,  
**THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN'S LIBRARY;**  
Or, Lives of Eminent Saints and Servants of God.

**MR. T. JONES'S**  
**NEW PUBLICATIONS.**

---

Post 8vo., price 4s.,

**LETTERS OF ST. TERESA.**

Translated from the original Spanish by the Rev. Canon DALTON,  
and dedicated, by permission, to the Bishop of Shrewsbury.  
Illustrated with a fac-simile of the Saint's handwriting in a letter  
to the Prior of Salamanca.

---

Post 8vo., price 4s.,

**BOOK OF THE FOUNDATIONS.**

By St. TERESA.

Translated from the original Spanish by the Rev. Canon DALTON,  
and dedicated, by permission, to the Mother Abbess and Nuns  
of the Franciscan Convent, Taunton.

---

Price 4s.,

**INTERIOR CASTLE; OR, THE MANSIONS.**

By St. TERESA.

Translated from the Spanish by the Rev. JOHN DALTON, and  
dedicated, by permission, to the Right Rev. W. ULLA-  
THORNE, D.D., O.S.B., Bishop of Birmingham. With a Por-  
trait of the Saint.

---

Price 1s. 6d.,

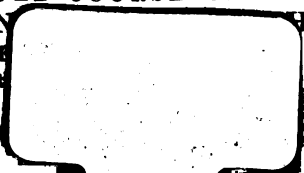
**STADLER'S MASS, No. 1 in G.**

This favourite easy Mass for Four Voices, arranged from the full  
score, with Accompaniment for the Organ or Pianoforte, by  
H. W. CROWE, Musical Director of the Catholic Schools.

\* \* This is the cheapest Mass in print, and best suited for Choirs.

---

Second Edition, price 2s.,

**A FULL COURSE OF**  
**INSTRUCTION**  **HISM,**  
**FOR THE**  
By t

